

RIVER MAN

DRAWER 4 VOCATIONS

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Abraham Lincoln's Vocations

Riverman

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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Confut Letter.

Box 9 23.85

The scene to be the day of remembrance. Men who can remember a scene of the war times or in the life of the day and a small poster, who in the day can remember something, do it a pleasure. Yesterday, in a room room (the room against Gen. Robert Vicksburg, a large room and number of officers for the New York island. I asked him who he remembered about President Lincoln, and he said: "During the war, I was on board the ship, and I had relations with Mr. Lincoln. In 1862, I was on board him on a trip down the Potomac to Fort Mifflin, near the Stanton and Chase was the captain of the party. We had for our captain the revenue cutter, under the command of the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Chase, who fitted out with a small cutter, and brought about his boat. For ten days there they had me and myself occupied the small cutter of the boat. There were no other boats, but only four exp. and birds sailing along the bank. We were in the middle of the river and probably made a night out every man's character, and Mr. Lincoln came in a light that was then quite new to me.

He developed, to my surprise, a large knowledge of English literature and belles-lettres, and an appreciation of all that is grand and beautiful in the English language. I never met a man who seemed to me to have such a taste for many. He spoke of some of the plays of Shakespeare almost as they, speaking from character to character, and a small twinkle of the eye, that showed an appreciation of the drama as a whole. Becoming, too, toward to be one of his favorites; and from Byron he recited whole cantos, one after the other. He must have given us twelve or fifteen pages from the "Ghosts." At the same time his manner exhibited itself in a remarkable degree. I remember that one morning, as we were sitting on the upper deck, he picked up a copy of Frank Leslie's, in which was a funny picture full of puns. One of the verses ended: "S' you, wilt thou? and she said." He read it with great effect, then repeated himself on deck, and borrowed my knife and cut it out and put it into his pocket. We heard him read it to the sailors several times during the passage.

I asked Gen. V. if Mr. Lincoln ever made any revelations of his own history.

"Yes, I'm coming to that," he said. "One day we found ourselves compelled to listen to a long, dry and prosy account of the personal history of the captain of the revenue cutter. In one of his phrases, Mr. Lincoln kindly protected us by saying, 'Captain, excuse me, but you remind me of my marine experience.' He then passed in review that bit of his life, which led Bancroft, in his celebrated eulogy of him, to say that he 'began life as flatboatman.' This was not strictly true. Lincoln was never a flatboatman, except that he once helped to take one flatboat down the Mississippi. This he told us about, and I can pretty accurately recall his language.

"I was a young fellow, about 18," said Mr. Lincoln. "I worked for a Kentucky man, and helped him distill whisky. When spring came, he had nothing to pay off with except whisky. You weren't around then, Chase, manufacturing greenbacks. So I found myself the possessor of several barrels of whisky and many a dollar in money. Whisky was so plenty that I had serious doubts

about realizing anything on my stocks.

"In this fix I heard of a man up the Ohio river who was building a flat boat, intending to send it to New Orleans as soon as the stage of water would allow; so I went up and saw him, and arranged for him to take my whisky to New Orleans, I going along and working my passage. It occurred to me, however, that when I got to New Orleans whisky might be as big a drug as in Kentucky, so I traded half the whisky for tobacco. After a while we got started. One night, when we were snubbed up to the levee, a couple of gentlemen came down the bank, and, looking at the little boat we dragged, said: 'Young man, how much will you charge to row us out to meet that steamer that is coming down the river?' I told them I thought it was worth a shilling apiece. I rowed them out, and when they got on board the steamer, they gave me a bright silver dollar. I felt good. When I got back I found I had been gone about two hours, and I concluded that if I could make a dollar every two working hours, I might yet be a rich man before I died."

"Here Mr. Lincoln's narrative suddenly ceased." We waited till it was obvious that he did not mean to continue it, when the captain said: "S' you, Mr. Lincoln, how about that whisky and tobacco? Did you get rid of them all right?"

"Captain," said the president, with a half playful seriousness, "I was merely narrating my marine experience, and told no more."

"One day," continued Gen. Vicksburg, "Mr. Lincoln picked up a new axe that was sticking in a socket at the side of the vessel, for use in an emergency, and taking it by the extreme end of the handle with his extended thumb and forefinger, he held it out at arm's length for several minutes without any difficulty. He remarked that he could do that trick when he was 18, and had never seen a day since when he could not do it. After that I saw every sailor try to do what they had seen Mr. Lincoln do, without being able in a single instance. He reminded me of Peter the Strong, who held the offensive bugler out the castle window."

"The fund of anecdote and appropriate allusion possessed by Mr. Lincoln was marvellous. Of course he told a good many stories not intended for miscellaneous society; and he told these stories for the same reason that other men told them—not because they are 'off color,' but because they are exceedingly ludicrous, and often opposite."

I asked the general if he recalled anything about the other distinguished guests.

"Only a little," he said, "and that little is associated with Mr. Lincoln. The fact is, that while Stanton may have been his superior in overmastering intellect and Chase in the possession of an analytic intellect, Mr. Lincoln surpassed them immeasurably in interesting sympathy who saw him. I remember that Stanton made the remark, 'Mr. Lincoln, just before I left my office I received a letter from Gen. Mitchell, in Alabama, asking certain things. I was vague, I didn't understand it exactly,' but I took the chances and telegraphed back, 'All right. Go ahead.' Now if I have made a mistake, I shall have to get you to countermand my order."

"Mitchell won't make any mistakes here. He's like the horse—you know about the horse? He was for a while a circus rider in Kentucky. A crowd was gathered to see him. A small boy was caught to ride the horse up and down and show his points. One of the men fol-

lowed the horse out a rod or two, and then quietly said to the boy: 'Boy, haln't that horse got the splints?'

"I dunno wat the splints is," said the boy, "an if they's good for 'em, he's got 'em, and if they ain't, he hasn't got 'em."

Gen. Vicksburg thought Mr. Lincoln more than 100 good stories during the interesting trip to New Orleans and back.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

The many friends of Gen. James C. Veatch will be glad to know that, although his health is somewhat impaired by exposure and hardships while in the army, his mental vigor is as strong as ever and his interest in public affairs is unabated.

Gen. Veatch and Capt. Wartmann are both from Spencer County, and have been careful readers of Mr. Lincoln's history, and are as familiar as any persons now living with Mr. Lincoln's early history and life while a resident of Spencer County, Indiana. It is due to the truth of history to say that Mr. Lincoln never was a raftsmen. Mr. W. H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner for more than twenty years, assisted by Mr. Jesse W. Weik, of Greencastle, Indiana, have recently written and had published an authentic life of Mr. Lincoln.

"Herndon's Life of Lincoln" can be relied on for truth and accuracy, and should be in every library.

Here is a letter from Gen. Veatch to Capt. Wartmann that throws light on this subject:

ROCKPORT, IND., July 16, 1890.

Capt. J. W. Wartmann, Evansville, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR—On the first page of THE DAILY JOURNAL of July 14th, is a Washington letter headed "The Pocket District." After a brief mention of the home of the Lincoln family and the grave of Mrs. Lincoln, the following sentences occur: "From that portion of the state were collected the logs which constituted the rafts that the sturdy frontiersman subsequently took down the Ohio and Mississippi, a circumstance which played a conspicuous part in securing his election to the first position in the land, it being a marked change of incidents to catch the popular ear."

We have all heard and read of Lincoln having played his part as a ferryman, a flatboatman, a rail-splitter and a hand at all rought farm work; but who has ever told us before that he was a raftsmen?

Has not THE JOURNAL'S correspondent evolved from his "inner consciousness" an item in history never heard of before?

You have been a careful reader of Lincoln's history; what say you?

Ver, truly yours,

JAMES C. VEATCH.

Evansville Journal
July 19, 1890

LINCOLN'S FLATBOAT.

The Story of a Famous Craft Told by One of Its Builders.

How John E. Roll, of Springfield, Ill., Helped Lincoln Sixty-One Years Ago—The Future President's Appearance and Manners—How He Saved Three Lives.

1832

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 7.—Sixty-one years ago—it was April 19, 1831—the flatboat which Abraham Lincoln piloted to New Orleans had got as far down the Sangamon River as the old town of New Salem, and there it had stranded upon the Rutledge mill dam. One end of the boat projected over the dam, and it was there that Lincoln introduced a new, original and labor-saving method of getting undesirable water out of a boat. He bored a hole in the bottom, the water ran out, and the boat, relieved of its burden, passed over the dam and proceeded on its journey.

The story of Lincoln's flatboat and his trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans is as familiar to the world as almost any other incident of his illustrious career. And yet few persons outside of Springfield—and there are many here who do not know it—know that there now lives in this city, at a ripe old age, a man who helped Lincoln build that immortal craft.



John E. Roll.

His name is John E. Roll, and he is the sole survivor of those who were associated with Lincoln in the construction of his flatboat. He was five years the junior of Lincoln, being now in his 78th year. For nearly half a century he was prominently identified with the growth and the interests of Springfield, and his own career has been an eventful one. At one time he was worth not less than \$350,000, largely invested in real estate, which at this day would have been worth probably \$1,000,000 or more, but most of his fortune has slipped away, although he is still in comfortable circumstances, and he is spending his last days in peaceful retirement. His mind is still as clear as ever, and nothing delights him so much as to sit down and spin out stories of pioneer days.

REMEMBERS LAFAYETTE.

Mr. Roll was born in Green Village, Morris County, N. Y., June 9, 1814. He remembers distinctly the visit of Lafayette to Morristown in 1824. On Lafayette's way from Madison to Morristown his wagon broke down, and he rode into the latter place on three wheels, with a pole under one side of the wagon.

"And in 1829, I think it was," said Mr. Roll a few days ago, "I rode on the first railroad ever constructed in this country. Wm. T. James then owned an extensive machine shop in New York City, and in an upper story of his shop was a little railroad. His son, John James, was one of my boyhood friends, and together we rode around the shop on this railroad. This was only a model, of course, and no real railroads for the general public had then been built in this country.

"April 29, 1830, I started for Illinois. We crossed the mountains in wagons, and at Pittsburg we sold our wagons and teams and started down the Ohio River on the 'Highlander.' Below the falls at Louisville we took the 'Huntsman' and went to St. Louis. We arrived in St. Louis on the evening of the 4th of June. We crossed over that evening to Illinois Town. We staid all night at an old tavern, and the next morning I started for Springfield, walking all the way, arriving here on the 7th at 4 o'clock. From here I walked to Sangamo Town, seven miles northwest of Springfield, on the Sangamon River. I had relatives near there and remained with them.

LINCOLN IN 1831.

"Toward the spring of 1831 a tall, gaunt, ungainly young man made his appearance in Sangamo. He soon made it known that his name was Abe Lincoln, and that he had come from Macon County to build a flatboat for

Messrs. Offutt & Green. The boat was to start from New Salem, but Sangamo was selected as the place for its construction because there was a saw mill at the place, run by Charles Broadwell, and timber was there in abundance. Sangamo was then a flourishing village, as large or larger than Springfield, and it is a singular fact that at this day not a trace of the old town remains. Lincoln was accompanied by his step-brother, John Johnston, who, however, was too lazy to be of any service to Lincoln, and they soon parted company. Lincoln was then a little past 22 years of age, and he was the rawest, most primitive looking specimen of humanity I ever saw. He was tall, bony and as homely as he has ever been pictured. He had on a suit of blue jeans—it could be called a suit. It seemed that everything was too short for him. His pantaloons lacked 4 or 5 inches of reaching the ground, and when the legs were not stuffed into his big rawhide boots they were held down by leather straps, which extended under his boots. He wore an old roundabout that might have served him in his younger days, but was now far too short for him, and when he stooped over he showed 4 or 5 inches of his suspenders—that is, when he went so far as to have on a pair 'galluses.' He wore a drab-colored wool hat, pretty well worn, small-crowned and broad-brimmed. I remember one occasion on which this old hat was brought into service for the entertainment of the natives. Lincoln boarded at Jacob Carman's old tavern, and one day a slight-of-hand performer made his appearance in the village. At the tavern a crowd of course gathered around him, and he entertained us for some time. He asked for somebody's hat to try some eggs in, and Lincoln pulled off his old slouch hat and passed it up. The magician put in some fresh eggs, made a pretense of holding the hat over the fire, and then handed back a hat full of fried eggs. This amused Lincoln greatly, and he seemed to pride himself on having such a convenient cooking utensil.

BUILDING THE FLATBOAT.

"Lincoln went to work for Offutt & Green for \$15 a month. He had to have help on the flatboat, of course, and as I was then in my 17th year, and could do practically the work of a man, I had no trouble in getting a job with him. He set me to work making pins, and I made all the pins that went into that flatboat," and the old man's eyes twinkled with pride at this fond recollection. "It took about a month, as I remember it, to build the boat, and during that time a number were employed, some of them just for a day or two, in helping Lincoln. Among those who worked on the boat were John Johnston, Lincoln's step-brother; Walter Carman, a son of Jacob Carman, the tavern-keeper; John Seaman and a young man named Cabanis. All are now dead, with the exception of myself, although I believe there are two or three others now living who saw Lincoln's flatboat while it was being built or on the day it was launched.

"When the boat was completed it was shoved into the river. It was an event that created something of a stir in the town, and a crowd of us got on the boat with Lincoln and rode down the river as far as Lemon's Bend, about two and a half miles below Sangamon. At that point we got off, and Lincoln and his companions proceeded on their way down the river. Of the rest of their journey I know nothing more than has got into the biographies of Lincoln. The boat was an ordinary flatboat, such as were used in those days. I can testify that Lincoln bossed the job well and that the boat was well built.

THREE LIVES SAVED.

"After the boat was finished, and just before it was launched, Lincoln had occasion to save the lives of three of the men who had helped him build the craft. The incident was one which created considerable excitement among the natives, and was long remembered in that locality. We had made a 'dugout' or canoe out of a log, under Lincoln's direction, and this canoe was to be used with the flatboat on the trip. We took it to the water's edge and pushed it in. John Seaman and Walter Carman—each one anxious to get the first ride—jumped into the little craft as soon as it touched the water. The 'dugout' shot out into the river, with Seaman in the stern of the boat and Carman working the paddle. The preceding winter was the one of the historic deep snow in Illinois, and the spring rains and the melting snow had swollen the Sangamon River so that it was far out of its banks. The two men in the canoe in a few moments found themselves at the mercy of the turbulent waters, powerless to control the canoe or to get back to shore. After making a frantic effort to paddle to shore they headed for the wreck of an old flatboat, the first ever built on the Sangamon River, which had sunk and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. As they approached the wreck of the old boat Seaman too eagerly reached for the stanchion, caught hold of it, and the canoe capsized. Seaman managed to keep hold of the stanchion, but

Carman, being thrown into the water, was unable to reach either the wrecked flatboat or the canoe, which was rapidly floating off down the river. The whole proceeding had been watched with considerable consternation by Lincoln and the rest of us on shore. Just below the wrecked flatboat was an old elm tree, which stood on the bank of the stream when the river was within its banks, but which was now far out from the shore, and its branches touched the water. Lincoln called to Carman to swim to the tree. Carman was a good swimmer, and after some difficulty reached the tree and pulled himself into the branches. The water was extremely cold, and he was almost frozen. Lincoln then called to Seaman to let go of the flatboat stanchion and swim to the tree. Seaman was also chilled through. He could hang to the stanchion only a few minutes longer at best, and his only hope was to get to the tree. He plunged into the water, and by desperate efforts reached the tree, and his comrade, Carman, helped him to climb up into it.

A CRITICAL SITUATION.

"The situation was now more critical than ever. The two men were clinging to that tree, shivering and almost frozen and exhausted, and it was only a question of a short time when they could hold no longer, and then it would all be over with them. The canoe had been swept down the river, and there was not another boat within reach. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and Lincoln was instinctively conceded the leadership in the effort to save the perishing men. He called to the men in the tree to keep moving and 'fling their arms about them' so as to keep from being chilled to death.

"A log which had been selected for a sill for one of the new buildings going up in the town lay near the shore. Around the end of this log Lincoln tied a rope, and with the assistance of the bystanders it was rolled into the water. It was towed some distance up the stream, and then a daring fellow by the name of Jim Dorrall took his seat upon the end of the log, and it was pushed into the stream, with the expectation that it would be carried by the current to the tree. Lincoln's judgment proved superb, for the log went straight to the tree. Dorrall, however, proved unequal to the emergency. In his excitement he seized a branch of the tree, and the log swept from under him. He managed to climb into the tree and joined the two other unfortunates.

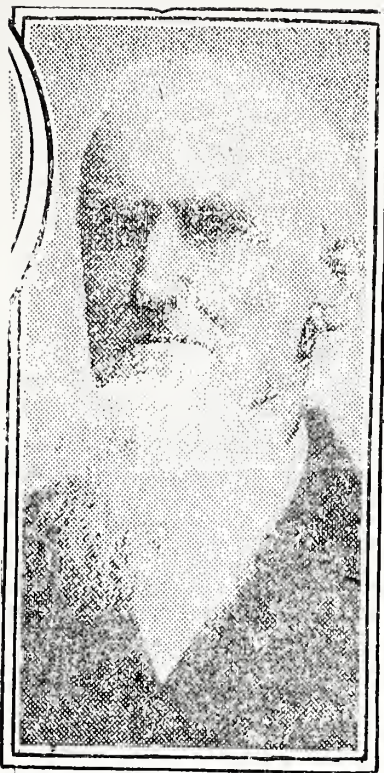
"The log was pulled back to shore by Lincoln and the bystanders. Lincoln now resolved to go to the tree himself and bring back the boys. Securing another rope he straddled the log and it was given a push into the raging Sangamon. The log again went to the tree and the future President threw the noose of the rope he carried over the stub of a broken limb, then gradually broke the speed of the log, slowly drew it up to the tree, and held it there until the three perishing men had climbed down and seated themselves astride the log. He then directed those on shore to hold tightly the rope attached to the log, and the current swept the log ashore. I shall never forget the cheers that went up for Abe Lincoln as he roached dry land with the three men whom he had rescued. The incident made a hero of Abe all along the Sangamon, and the inhabitants never tired of telling of the daring exploit.

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

"While the flatboat was being made," Mr. Roll went on, "it was a common thing for the men of the village to get together in the morning, at noon and at night and take their seats on a sleek, barkless log, which had been fixed up for that purpose in the lane alongside of Shepherd's grist mill. Lincoln invariably had a seat with the boys on this log, and it was here that he first acquired his reputation as a joker and story-teller. It was always a merry party which gathered at this log. For years afterward the log was known as 'Abe's log,' and it remained there until it rotted."

Lincoln never forgot his old friend Roll, and before starting for Washington to take the presidential chair he presented Mr. Roll the family dog. This canine was well cared for and lived several years afterward. Mr. Roll now has the picture of the dog. He also acquired several articles of furniture used by the Lincoln family. Mr. Roll was also an admirer of Lincoln's great political rival and personal friend, Stephen A. Douglas, and now carries the watch once owned by that famous statesman. The watch is a solid gold one and bears the initials "S. A. D." Mr. Roll bought it thirty-two years ago, paying \$150 for it. The watch has to be repaired occasionally, but it still keeps good time.

J. McC. D.



JOHN E. ROLL WHO
HELPED LINCOLN
BUILD THE FLATBOAT

1852

FLATBOAT EXPERIENCE.

In his 19th year Lincoln was enabled to satisfy a long-cherished desire for a river trip. He secured a job as "bow hand," at \$ per month, on a flatboat fitted out for a trading expedition to New Orleans. The journey was a novelty and a delight to him; and the next year—his family having meanwhile removed to Illinois—he repeated it. On this second trip he saw for the first time, at St. Louis, a gang of chained slaves going to the auction-block, and in New Orleans he witnessed the sale of a comely mulatto girl, who was made to trot up and down the room like a horse, for the purpose, as the auctioneer said, of showing the bidders that the article offered was sound and valuable. The whole thing was so revolting to Lincoln that he said to his companions, "By God, boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard." This incident gave him an unconquerable hatred of the slave system, as he used often to say in after years. It was not so much personal pity for the slaves, Mr. Herndon thinks, as a realization of the general injustice and wickedness of the institution.

Lincoln as a Flatboatman. 1852

[Charles Coffin in Harper's Young People.]

Denton Offut, merchant, of Springfield, Ill., in the summer of 1831, wanted to send a lot of corn, pork and live pigs to market. He could load a flatboat on the Sangamon, float it to the Illinois, down that stream to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans. He could not go himself, but must have somebody whom he could trust. Just how it came about we do not know, but in some way he learned that Abraham Lincoln, who had just driven an ox team from Indiana and who was living near Decatur, had already made a successful trip down the Mississippi, and that he was honest and could be trusted. Offut had no boat, and must build one. Lincoln was just the man, for he had worked with his father carpenter, could hew timber, and make mortises.

A few weeks later Lincoln and John Hanks were at work on the banks of the Sangamon cutting down trees, sawing planks and building the boat. They were so diligent that in four weeks from felling the first tree it was completed, launched, loaded with barrels of pork and bags filled with corn, and floating down the Sangamon. It was supposed that the boat would glide over the dam at New Salem, but it grounded instead, and they were obliged to obtain a canoe, carry the corn to the shore and reload it after getting the boat below the dam. Farther down stream they were to take a drove of pigs. But the animals had no intention of being driven on board. They could not be coaxed by corn strewn on the ground. Lincoln was not to be foiled, and by main strength carried them in his arms one by one upon the boat. The cargo completed, they floated into the Illinois, and upon the current of that river to the Mississippi and thence to New Orleans.

Planters are there from Mississippi and Louisiana to obtain slaves to work in the cotton fields. The two boatmen saunter into the mart, and behold negro men, women, boys and girls standing on a bench around the walls of the room, the planters looking into their mouths as they would look at the teeth of a horse. The auctioneer proclaims their good qualities as he would those of a horse or mule. Maybe they are members of a church—Christians—therefore regarded as more valuable than irreligious slaves. His hammer falls. A husband and wife are forever separated. Children never again will behold their father and mother. Abraham Lincoln goes out from the auction rooms with his blood on fire. There is a choking in his throat, a quivering of his lips, as he turns to his fellow-boatman: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit hard, by the eternal God!"

Who is he to hit the "thing," a blow? He is a boatman, a splitter of rails, teamster, backwoodsman. Nothing more. His poverty is so deep that his clothes were in tatters, and he could hardly appear in public till Nancy Miller made him a pair of trousers. What position of influence or power is he likely to attain to enable him to strike a blow? The "thing" which he would like to hit is incorporated into the frame-work of society, and legalized in half of the States composing the republic. It is entrenched in Church and State alike, accepted by doctors of divinity as beneficent to the human race, as authorized and blessed by Almighty God. It is a political force, recognized in the Constitution, entering into the basis of representation. Is there the remotest probability that he ever will be able to smite such an institution? Why utter the words? Why raise the right hand toward heaven and swear a solemn oath? Was it some dim vision of what might come to him through divine providence in the unfolding years? Was it an illumination of spirit that for the moment forecast an impending conflict between right and wrong in which he would take a conspicuous part? Was it the whispering to him by a divine messenger of the unseen realm that he was to be a chosen one to wipe the "thing" from the earth, and give deliverance from bonds to millions of his fellow-men? If we conclude that the words only fell from his lips by chance, their utterance, taken in connection with what he did in giving freedom to 4,000,000 of slaves, is very wonderful.

The pigs, pork and corn sold and the boat disposed of, Lincoln and Hanks took passage for St. Louis on a steamboat. There were slaves on board. As he saw their abject condition and recalled the scene he had witnessed at New Orleans he became silent, thoughtful and sad. Through life he remembered it.

LINCOLN'S FLATBOAT

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS
CRAFT TOLD BY ONE OF
ITS BUILDERS.

How John E. Roll of Springfield, Ill.,
Helped Lincoln Sixty-one
Years Ago.

The Future President's Appearance
and Manner—How He Saved
Three Lives.

(Special Correspondence of the
Globe-Democrat.)

Springfield, Ill., May 7.—Sixty-one

years ago—it was April 19, 1831—the flatboat which Abraham Lincoln piloted to New Orleans had got as far down the Sangamon river as the old town of New Salem, and there it had stranded upon the Rutledge mill dam. One end of the boat projected over the dam, and it was there that Lincoln introduced a new, original and labor saving method of getting undesirable water out of a boat. He bored a hole in the bottom, the water ran out, and the boat, relieved of its burden, passed over the dam and proceeded on its journey.

The story of Lincoln's floatboat and his trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans is as familiar to the world as almost any other incident of his illustrious career. And yet few persons outside of Springfield—and there are many here who do not know it—know that there now lives in this city, at a ripe old age, a man who helped Lincoln build that immortal craft. His name is John E. Roll, and he is the sole survivor of those who were associated with Lincoln in the construction or the navigation of his flatboat. He was five years the junior of Lincoln, being now in his 78th year. For nearly half a century he was prominently identified with the growth and the interests of Springfield, and his own career has been an eventful one. At one time he was worth not less than \$350,000, largely invested in real estate, which at this day would have been worth probably \$1,000,000 or more, but most of his fortune has slipped away, although he is still in comfortable circumstances, and he is spending his last days in peaceful retirement. His mind is still as clear as ever, and nothing delights him so much as to sit down and spin out stories of pioneer days.

Mr. Roll was born in Green Village, Morris county, N. Y., June 9, 1814. He remembers distinctly the visit of Lafayette to Morristown in 1824. On Lafayette's way from Madison to Morristown his wagon broke down, and he rode into the latter place on three wheels, with a pole under one side of the wagon.

"And in 1829, I think it was," said said Mr. Roll a few days ago, "I rode on the first railroad ever constructed in this country. Wm. T. James then owned an extensive machine shop in New York City, and in an upper story of his shop was a little railroad. His son, John James, was one of my boyhood friends, and together we rode around the shop on this railroad. This was only a model, of course, and no real railroads for the general public had then been built in this country.

"April 29, 1830, I started for Illinois. We crossed the mountains in wagons, and at Pittsburgh we sold our wagons and teams and started down the Ohio river on the 'Highlander.' Below the falls at Louisville we took the 'Huntsman' and went to St. Louis. We arrived in St. Louis on the evening of the 4th of June. We crossed over that evening to Illinois Town. We stayed all night at an old tavern, and the next morning I started for Springfield, walking all the way, arriving here on the 7th at 4 o'clock. From here I walked to Sangamo Town, seven miles northwest of Springfield, on the Sangamon river. I had relatives near there and remained with them.

"Toward the spring of 1831 a tall, gaunt, ungainly young man made his appearance in Sangamo. He soon made it known that his name was Abe Lincoln, and that he had come from Macon county to build a flatboat for Messrs. Offut & Green. The boat was to start from New Salem, but Sangamo was selected as the place for its construction because there was a sawmill at the place, run by Charles Broadwell, and timber was there in abundance. Sangamo was then a flourishing village, as large or larger than Springfield, and it is a singular fact at this day not a trace of the old town remains. Lincoln was accompanied by his stepbrother, John Johnston, who, however, was too lazy to be of any service to Lincoln, and they soon parted company. Lincoln was then a little past 22 years of age, and he was the rawest, most primitive looking specimen of humanity I ever saw. He was tall, bony and as homely as he has ever been pictured. He had on a suit of blue jeans—if it could be called a suit. It seemed that everything was too short for him. His pantaloons lacked four or five inches of reaching the ground, and when the legs were not stuffed into his big rawhide boots they were held down by leather straps, which extended under his boots. He wore an old roundabout that might have served him in his younger days, but was now far too short for him, and when he stooped over he showed four or five inches of his suspenders—that is, when he went so far as to have on a pair of 'galluses.' He wore a drab-colored wool hat, pretty well worn, small-crowned and broad rimmed. I remember one occasion on which this old hat was brought into service for the entertainment of the natives. Lincoln boarded at Jacob Carman's old tavern, and one day a sleight of hand performer made his appearance in the village. At the tavern a crowd of course gathered around him, and he entertained us for some time. He asked for somebody's hat to fry eggs in, and Lincoln pulled off his old slouch hat and passed it up. The magician put in some fresh eggs, made a pretense of holding the hat over the fire, and then handed back a hat full of fried eggs. This amused Lincoln greatly, and he seemed to pride himself on having such a convenient cooking utensil.

"Lincoln went to work for Offut & Green for \$15 a month. He had to have help on the flatboat, of course, and as I was then in my 17th year, and could do practically the work of a man, I had no trouble in getting a job with him. He set me to work making pins, and I made all the pins that went into that flatboat," and the old man's eyes twinkled with pride at this fond recollection. "It took about a month, as I remember it, to

build the boat, and during that time a number were employed, some of them just for a day or two, in helping Lincoln. Among those who worked on the boat were John Johnson, Lincoln's step-brother; Walter Carman, a son of Jacob Carman, the tavern keeper; John Seaman and a young man named Cabanis. All are now dead, with the exception of myself, although I believe there are two or three others now living who saw Lincoln's flatboat while it was being built or on the day it was launched.

"When the boat was complete it was shoved into the river. It was an event that created something of a stir in the town, and a crowd of us got on the boat with Lincoln and rode down the river as far as Lemon's bend, about two and a half miles below Sangamo. At that point we got off, and Lincoln and his companions proceeded on their way down the river. Of the rest of their journey I know nothing more than has got into the biographers of Lincoln. The boat was an ordinary flatboat, such as were used in those days. I can testify that Lincoln bossed the job well and that the boat was well built.

"After the boat was finished, and just before it was launched, Lincoln had occasion to save the lives of three of the men who had helped him build the craft. The incident was one which created considerable excitement among the natives, and was long remembered in that locality. We had made a 'dugout' or canoe out of a log, under Lincoln's direction, and this canoe was to be used with the flatboat on the trip. We took it to the water's edge and pushed it in. John Seaman and Walter Carman—each one anxious to get the first ride—jumped into the little craft as soon as it touched the water. The 'dugout' shot out into the river, with Seaman in the stern of the boat and Carman working the paddle. The preceding winter was the one of the historic deep snow in Illinois, and the spring rains and the melting snows had swollen the Sangamon river so that it was far out of its banks. The two men in the canoe in a few moments found themselves at the mercy of the turbulent waters, powerless to control the canoe or to get back to shore. After making a frantic effort to paddle to shore they headed for the wreck of an old flatboat, the

first ever built on the Sangamon river, which had sunk and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. As they approached the wreck of the old boat Seaman too eagerly reached for the stanchion, caught hold of it, and the canoe capsized. Seaman managed to keep hold of the stanchion, but Carman, being thrown into the water, was unable to reach either the wrecked flatboat or the canoe, which was rapidly floating down the river. The whole proceeding had been watched with considerable consternation by Lincoln and the rest of us on shore. Just below the wrecked flatboat was an old elm tree, which stood on the bank of the stream when the river was within its banks, but which was now far out from the shore, and its branches touched the water. Lincoln called to Carman to swim to the tree. Carman was a good swimmer and after some difficulty reached the tree and pulled himself into the branches. The water was extremely cold, and he was almost frozen. Lincoln then called to Seaman to let go of the flatboat

stanchion and swim to the tree. Seaman was also chilled through. He could hang to the stanchion only a few minutes longer at best, and his only hope was to get to the tree. He plunged into the water, and by desperate efforts reached the tree, and his comrade, Carman, helped him to climb up into it.

"The situation was now more critical than ever. The two men were clinging to that tree, shivering and almost frozen and exhausted, and it was only a question of a short time when they could hold no longer, and then it would all be over with them. The canoe had been swept down the river, and there was not another boat in reach. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and Lincoln was instinctively conceded the leadership in the effort to save the perishing men. He called to the men in the tree to keep moving and 'fling their arms about them' so as to keep from being chilled to death.

"A log which had been selected for a sill for one of the new buildings going up in the town lay near the store. Around the end of this log Lincoln tied a rope, and with the assistance of the bystanders it was rolled into the water. It was towed some distance up the stream and then a daring fellow by the name of Jim Dorrell took his seat upon one end of the log, and it was pushed into the stream, with the expectation that it would be carried by the current to the tree. Lincoln's judgment proved superb, for the log went straight to the tree. Dorrell, however, proved unequal to the emergency. In his excitement he seized a branch of the tree, and the log swept from under him. He managed to climb into the tree and joined the two other unfortunates.

"The log was pulled back to shore by Lincoln and the bystanders. Lincoln now resolved to go to the tree himself and bring back the boys. Securing another rope he straddled the log and it was given a push into the raging Sangamon. The log again went to the tree and the future president threw the noose of the rope he carried over the stub of a broken limb, then gradually broke the speed of the log, slowly drew it up to the tree, and held it there until the three perishing men had climbed down and seated themselves astride the log. He then directed those on shore to hold tightly the rope attached to the log, and the current swept the log ashore. I shall never forget the cheers that went up for Abe Lincoln as he reached dry land with the three men whom he had rescued. The incident made a hero of Abe all along the Sangamon, and the inhabitants never tired of telling of the daring exploit.

"While the flatboat was being made," Mr. Roll went on, "it was a common thing for the men of the village to get together in the morning,

at noon and at night and take their seats on a sleek, barkless log, which had been fixed up for that purpose in the lane alongside of Shepherd's grist mill. Lincoln invariably had a seat with the boys on this log, and it was here that he first acquired his reputation as a joker and story-teller. It was always a merry party which gathered at this log. For years afterwards the log was known as 'Abe's log,' and it remained there until it rotted."

Lincoln never forgot his old friend Roll, and before starting for Wash-

he presented Mr. Roll the family dog. This canine was well cared for and lived several years afterward. Mr. Roll now has the picture of the dog. He also acquired several articles of furniture used by the Lincoln family. Mr. Roll was also an admirer of Lincoln's great political rival and personal friend, Stephen A. Douglas, and now carries the watch once owned by that famous statesman. The watch is a solid gold one and bears the initials "S. A. D." Mr. Roll bought it 32 years ago, paying \$150 for it. The watch has to be requaired occasion- ally, but it still keeps good time.—J.

McC. D. May 22, 1892.

3 FLIGHT

→ ington to take the presidential chair

STORY OF LINCOLN

Death of His Friend Recalls Reminiscences.

A PREDICTION BY GARRISON

One Made by the Old Gentleman That Came True--Mrs. Gar- rison's Adventure.

SULLIVAN, Ind., Oct. 3.—The death of Stephen W. Garrison, aged 87, just announced, at Dugger, removes one of the last surviving friends of Abraham Lincoln, who knew him when the latter was a clerk and later a partner in a store at New Salem, though Mr. Garrison never met Lincoln at that place.

Mr. Garrison was married in Hamilton county, Ohio, sixty-five years ago last September, and the honeymoon was spent in a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen en route to Illinois to find a home in Pike county on the banks of the Illinois river. Mr. and Mrs. Garrison were a month making the trip that can now be made between suns. The site selected for their new home was just north of Pearl. There they cleared a tract of ground and built a comfortable log cabin.

Mr. Garrison soon went into business. He established a wood yard for the accommodation of steamboats and called it the Buck Horn. When the supply of cordwood was greater than the demand of the steamboats he sometimes left Mrs. Garrison in charge and engaged to help on the flatboats which were common in those days, floating down the Illinois to St. Louis. These good people lived in Pike county ten years, then returned to Ohio because of the chills and fever with which nearly every early settler in a new country is afflicted. For many years, however, they had lived in Sullivan county, Indiana, where Mrs. Garrison preceded her husband to the grave six months ago.

When visited just before her death it gave the aged couple evident pleasure to relate their acquaintanceship with Abraham Lincoln.

"I knew him well," said Mr. Garrison. "I got acquainted with him shortly after we moved to Pike county in 1834. He was then living in New Salem, on the Sangamon, and in high water came down with a flatboat of produce and engaged me to help him down to St. Louis. That was perhaps in 1835, though I can't remember exact dates. It was some time before he moved to Springfield. He was then, or had been, a candidate for the legislature, for I remember that the subject was mentioned.

CALLED "CAP" BY HIS CREW.

"One noticeable trait about Lincoln was that he never intrusted to anybody what he considered his work. The boat was in his charge and we addressed him as 'Cap' or 'Captain.' I went down with him twice, and the first time we found the Mississippi an angry flood. We tied up for the night just after entering the big stream. We had intended to float awhile in the evening, but the torrent of waters made us land-lubbers feel a little nervous and Mr. Lincoln decided to take no chances. He directed us to steer for a certain safe place, and just as the craft rubbed against the bank, rope in hand, he jumped ashore to make the boat fast. He never would let anyone else

do this. When it was necessary to tie up he was always the first ashore. The boat was heavy and he wanted to be the judge of how much slack the cable should have to prevent an accident.

TELL OF MEETING LINCOLN.

"After arriving in St. Louis I was paid off and returned home on foot, but Mr. Lincoln remained to dispose of the cargo. I received \$15 in gold for my services. There were two other men besides myself. I was hired for the especial purpose of helping after we reached the big river. I had been down the river on this work before I met Mr. Lincoln."

SADNESS IN LINCOLN'S FACE.

When asked about Mr. Lincoln's manner and conversation Mr. Garrison said:

"He never had anything to say about himself. Something was said to him by one of the men about him running for the legislature. He made an answer but I don't remember what it was. When the boat was on smooth water and needed but little attention, he read some and talked some. He often sat, stooped over like, and appeared to be in a deep study. Sometimes his face wore a sad look, as if he had had bad luck or had lost a friend or relative. He was a good, kind master and we all liked him.

"No, I never noticed anything about him to indicate future greatness, though I wasn't much surprised when he began to rise in the world. While he was climbing up I always said that he was a man who could take care of himself and hold his own with anybody."

MRS. GARRISON TALKS.

"He was the kindest man I ever saw," said Mrs. Garrison, "and he was as common as he was kind. I cooked a dinner for him once and I have always been proud of it. I don't remember whether it was the first or the second time Mr. Garrison went down the river with him. If he didn't know us he had heard of us, and was coming with a flat boat load of stuff and left his men in charge while he paddled ahead to the woodyard to get Mr. Garrison to help him to St. Louis. It was time to get dinner when he arrived, so I made provision for the visitor. We had pork and beans and corn bread and he ate a hearty meal.

HOW SHE KILLED A BUCK.

"During the meal he was much interested in a story I told him about killing a deer, but I always thought he acted as if he pitied the deer. The animal was a fine buck and from our cabin door I spied him swimming the river. I was young and strong and seizing the ax I jumped into a canoe, rowed to him and killed him, then towed him to shore, his horns were fastened to the end of the pole which was planted on the bank of the river. That was the way we come to call the wood yard the Buck Horn.

"Soon after dinner the flatboat came along and Mr. Lincoln started on, and my husband went with him. Before leaving he made me a present of a large bandana handkerchief."

THEIR LATE MEETING.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison moved back to Hamilton county, Ohio, in 1845. During the war they moved to Indiana where they resided till death.

"I saw Mr. Lincoln but twice after he moved to Springfield," concluded Mr. Garrison. "I heard him make a speech for Clay in 1844 at Jacksonville, and on that occasion I shook hands with him and we talked about our

river trips. The last time I saw him was in 1861 at Cincinnati, when he was on his way to Washington to become president. I could hardly realize the change of fortune that had fallen to his lot, but I could still detect the same

expression of sadness on his face that I first saw a quarter of a century previously when we floated down the Illinois together."—Chicago Tribune.

Achieves His Desire and Takes River Trip.

"**A**BE came to my house one day," says Mr. Wood in Lamon's "Life of Lincoln," "and stood round about, timid and shy. I knew he wanted something, and said to him, 'Abe, what's your case?' He replied, 'Uncle, I want you to go to the river, and give me some recommendation to some boat.' I remarked, 'Abe, your age is against you; you are not 20 yet.' 'I know that, but I want a start,' said Abe. I concluded not to go for the boy's good." Poor Abe! Old Tom still had a claim upon him, which even Uncle Wood would not help him to evade.

In the beginning of March, 1828, Abe went to work for old Mr. Gentry of Gentryville. Early in the next month the old gentleman furnished his son Allen with a boat and a cargo of bacon and other produce, with which he was to go on a trading expedition to New Orleans, unless the stock was sooner exhausted. Abe, having been found faithful and efficient, was employed to accompany the young man as a "bow hand" to work the "front oars." He was paid \$8 per month and ate and slept on board. Returning, Gentry paid his passage on the deck of a steamboat.

* * 1809

The trip of Gentry and Lincoln was a profitable one, and Mr. Gentry senior was highly gratified by the result. At Mme. Bushene's plantation, six miles below Baton Rouge they had an adventure which reads strangely enough in the life of the great emancipator. The boat was tied up to the shore, in the dead hours of the night, and Abe and Allen were fast asleep in the "cabin" in the stern when they were startled by footsteps on board. They knew instantly that it was a gang of negroes come to rob, and perhaps to murder them. Allen, thinking to frighten the intruders, cried out, "Bring the guns, Lincoln; shoot them!" Abe came without a gun, but he fell among the negroes with a huge bludgeon, and belabored them most cruelly. Not content with beating them off the boat, he and Gentry followed them far back into the country and then, running back to their craft, hastily cut loose and made rapid time down the river, fearing lest they should return in greater numbers to take revenge. The victory was complete; but in winning it Abe received a scar which he carried with him to his grave.

* *

When he was 18 years old he conceived the project of building a little boat, and taking the produce of the Lincoln farm down the river to market. He had learned the use of tools and possessed considerable mechanical talent, as will appear in some other acts of his life. Of the voyage and its results we have no knowledge.

FLATBOAT TRIP TO
NEW ORLEANS
FROM
LAKNE MCPHETRIDGE'S
ARTICLE ON LINCOLN'S
BOYHOOD TOWN OF
GENTRYVILLE, IND. A
"NATIONAL REPUBLICAN"
6-3-1858

While Lincoln educated himself as best he could in preparation for that day when his "chance would come," his early ambition was to follow the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as a flat-boatman, and his friendship with James Gentry opened the way for him to make two trips to New Orleans. When Lincoln was about eighteen years old he ran a ferry-boat across the Ohio from Anderson creek, a few miles from his home, and here he developed acquaintance with rivermen and travelers who went down this Ap-pian waterway of the middle west on the steamers. It was while Lincoln was a ferryman that he earned his first dollar, paid to him by two men for taking them and their trunks to a steamer. He was paid in two silver half-dollars, earned the coins easily in less than a day, and the incident gave him new visions to obtain the rarest commodity in his region—money. Lincoln earned his first dollar with a flat-boat which he had made. Soon after this windfall of silver coin, he was working for James Gentry, when his employer decided to send a load of produce to New Orleans, and he employed young Lincoln to go as "bow hand" and work the front oars. Lincoln received eight dollars a month for this voyage and his passage back from New Orleans, and his companion was young Allen Gentry, son of his employer. It was in New Orleans, then the gayest city in America, that Lincoln came in contact with slavery by witnessing the auction of men and women, and the time came when he turned the impressions of this time into opinions that brought freedom to the negro race.

IN THE TRIBUNE MAIL BAG

Colonel Joab on History

Editor The Tribune: During the past week local educational, historical, biographical, patriotic and D. A. R. circles have been greatly agitated over a more or less heated discussion of the so-called "newer history methods, which do not accept and which probably do ridicule many of the stories that have been told of our great Americans."

It was daringly and publicly stated that "the story of the cherry tree is no longer accepted. The allegation that George Washington never lied is now regarded with gentle scorn. The interesting story of Abraham Lincoln's visit, as a youth, to New Orleans, and his spoken determination then and there to smash slavery, if he ever got an opportunity, is shelved with the apocryphal."

This manifest sacrilege, regarding our most sacred chronicles, these startling statements and revolutionary, new-fangled ideas were called to my attention by certain of the D. A. R., who asked my views on the subject without expressing any opinion themselves.

After reading the libelous matter, especially that referring to Washington and Lincoln, very carefully I told them that I was not only amazed, but greatly shocked, at seeing such obviously defamatory utterances about two of our greatest patriots and statesmen, whose biographies ought to be thoroughly familiar to every American citizen. I advised them that there was a most salutary law, in our statutes, against defaming the memories of the dead, which might wisely be invoked, but that it would be best to have the matter corrected by milder methods, if possible.

In the first place, I will state that I have received a thorough education in the very best institutions in the land, enjoying the very finest opportunities for the study of American history, as well as the philosophy of history and of constitutional government. So that I have no hesitation in entering the lists.

Now, if there is any one incident in American history that happened before

my nativity, as to the verity of which I am positive, it is "the interesting story of Abraham Lincoln's visit, as a youth, to New Orleans, and his spoken determination then and there to smash slavery if he ever got the opportunity."

First, in order that there may be no confusion, let us get the exact definition of "apocryphal," which is not familiar to many readers, I find.

The very latest edition of Webster's Unabridged dictionary, 1916, edited by Professor F. Sturges Allen, a Yale alumnus, who was awarded the gold medal at the great exposition just closed, as being the world's most proficient lexicographer, says that "apocryphal" means "mythic, fictitious, spurious, false."

With this very clear and explicit definition of "apocryphal" in mind, let us turn to the greatest historians and biographers on the subject and see what the exact facts are. In this connection I will refer to only the very highest authorities, such as Nicolay and Hay, private secretaries and biographers of the martyred president, who, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, have furnished us the greatest, best and most comprehensive biography ever written in America, in 10 large volumes. Next, we have the very excellent biography, in two large volumes, by the Hon. William H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner for years, as well as his intimate friend and confidant, up to the very time of the assassination; also the one by Carl Schurz, the great soldier, statesman and author, and one by Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, congressman, historian and publicist. All these books may be found in our public library, and there are no higher authorities on any subject.

According to these and many other lesser lights, it is well known that Lincoln, in his youth, made three distinct trips down the Mississippi river, "on flatboats, with bacon and other farm products," one with Allen Gentry 'n 1828; one with John Hanks, a cousin of Lincoln's venerable mother, in 1831, and one with Joshua F. Speed, in 1841.

On all these trips Mr. Lincoln "saw slaves in chains or being sold at the auction block."

According to Mr. Herndon, "it was in May, 1831, when, with John Hanks, in New Orleans, Lincoln was made an anti-slavery man. He saw a slave, a beautiful mulatto girl, sold at auction. She was felt over, pinched, trotted around to show the bidders that said article was sound, etc. Lincoln walked away from the sad, inhuman scene with a deep feeling of unsmotherable hate. He said to John Hanks this: 'By God! if ever I get a chance to hit that institution I'll hit it hard, John.'

He got his chance and did hit it hard. John Hanks, who was two or three times examined by me, told me the above facts about the negro girl and Lincoln's declaration. There is no doubt about this." Mr. Herndon also states that Lincoln himself repeatedly confirmed it.

Now, can anything be more thoroughly reliable and convincing than that plain, simple, positive statement? Is it not reasonable and rational and natural? There is not the slightest doubt about Lincoln's having made the three trips to New Orleans, as stated. He could not have helped seeing such awful, sickening, damnable scenes in those antebellum days, at that great, historic slave market, unless he had shut his eyes or hid in a cellar. And, full of tenderness, compassion, pity and love for his fellowman, how could he have felt differently than as described by his associates and his biographers? And we are told, forthrightly, that this perfectly authenticated, historic fact has been "shelved with the apocryphal." Why, instead of the narrative's being "apocryphal," it is as credible as anything in history.

In addition to the above, we have a letter in Lincoln's own chirography, written to Joshua F. Speed, with whom he made a similar trip to New Orleans in 1811, but written to Speed 11 years later, or in 1822, when Lincoln was becoming a national anti-slavery leader.

It seems that Speed, who was a Kentuckian and an advocate of slavery, was attempting to change Lincoln's policy, and told Lincoln that he ought not to interfere with an old, time-honored and well-established institution.

In reply to which audacious and irrational appeal, the great-hearted Lincoln sent him the following stinging rebuke:

"In 1811 you and I had together a tedious, low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio. There were on board 10 or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any slave border. It is not for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has and which continually exercises the power of making me miserable."

The foregoing is taken from Nicolay and Hay's marvelously comprehensive, exhaustive and accurate biography and history of the immortal patriot and his times.

This deplorable desecration of American annals is what is apparently flipperily styled "the newer history methods."

From all such impious profanation of our most sacred chronicles, from all

such illiterate iconoclasm, good Lord, deliver us!

Washington
All my life, in the very best educational institutions in America, I have been taught by the wisest instructors of youth that *he* had one of the dearest and noblest mothers that ever lived, just as did Lincoln, and just as have all great and good men, so far as I know. I have been taught by these same learned teachers that he was a man of the very highest probity, veracity, chivalry and nobility of character; that he actually never did tell a lie; that flour, stamped with his brand, or anything else bearing his indorsement, was promptly accepted throughout the country without the slightest question or hesitation.

Such is the teaching of Whipple, of Irving, of Abbott, of Lodge and of every biographer and historian worthy of the name who has spoken or written about the immortal, illustrious, faithful and veracious Washington.

After a life's training, study and teaching, I can asseverate, in all truth and sincerity, that I do firmly believe in the immaculate veracity of Washington, as much as I believe in the military genius of Caesar, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Marlborough, Washington or Grant; as much as I believe in the poetic genius of David, Homer, Virgil, Milton, Burns, Tennyson or our own immortal laureate, Longfellow; as much as I believe in the oratorical genius of Demosthenes, Cicero, Paul, Pitt, Burke, Curran, Webster, Beecher or Ingersoll; as much as I believe in the musical genius of Gounod, Verdi, Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven, Balfe, Bach, Liszt or Wagner; as much as I believe in the genius in statesmanship and diplomacy of Washington, of Lincoln or of Roosevelt, and just as I believe in the ethical genius of Lao-tse, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Luther, Swedenborg and Spinoza.

The miserable oaf who does not realize that there are transcendent geniuses in the world in truth, justice, fortitude, prudence, poesy, oratory, mathematics, music, militarism and statesmanship is like the wretched worm in the hickory-nut that really thinks its immediate environment is the whole universe; like an unfortunate person, color-blind, who denies the existence of green or gray; like the poor "fool that hath said in his heart: There is no God."

To all such unfortunate people I would most earnestly commend that most salutary advice vouchsafed by Hamlet to his murderous mother:

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

Very sincerely, ALBERT E. JOAB.

Tacoma, Wash.

Tacoma Sunday Tribune
January 28, 1916.

LINCOLN IN YOUTH

Incident of War President's Life
Before He Became Known
to Fame.

2.12.1915

PILOT ON SANGAMON RIVER

Journey of the Talisman, With the Future Statesman at the Wheel, Marked Epoch in the History of the West.

THE world is unwilling that any shred of information about the personal life and public career of Abraham Lincoln, the war president and martyr of now more than half a century ago, shall be lost. Books and monographs dealing with the character and the opinions of Abraham Lincoln multiply from year to year.

The Boston firm of publishers, Houghton Mifflin company, some time ago sent the well-known artist, Lester Hornby, to Illinois to make a series of sketches of the places associated with the memory of Lincoln in his home state. Some of these drawings were published in the Century Magazine, and they appear in the volume, issued by the publishers named, with the title "Lincoln in Illinois." The writer of this book is Octavia Roberts; she is a native of Springfield, Ill., the city that will ever be associated with the memory of the great president.

Excerpts from this book appear upon this page with one of the Hornby drawings.

In the volume the reader sees Lincoln as a young man achieve one of his first triumphs. The story is well told, as the following quotation will show:

Lincoln Steamboat Pilot.

The month is March in the year 1832. The scene is prairie land in the river bottom of Illinois. When the spring shall give place to summer, the prairie will be covered with grass so high that the head of a man on horseback will be barely discernible; but today a man on foot can be seen plainly, from the crown of his "coonskin" cap to the edge of his buckskin breeches, though cap and feet are some six feet four apart.

The man who strides along the road is young—twenty-three years, no more. He is lean but wiry, a backwoodsman every inch of him. A man with a set purpose, one watching him would say, as he strides on and on over the rough road that leads to a pioneer settlement on the Illinois river called Beardstown.

Once in this town, he mixes sociably with the young men; tells them that he has come from the settlement of New Salem, on the bluffs of the Sangamon, to see the landing of the Talisman, a steamboat hourly expect-

ed from Cincinnati on her maiden voyage into the interior of Illinois. To further questions, he answers that he was born in Kentucky, "raised" in In-



Corner of Lincoln's Sitting Room in the House at Eighth and Jackson Streets, Springfield, Ill.

diana, and that he has but recently come to Illinois to seek his fortune:

When at last the steamer, at four miles an hour, creeps into Beardstown and throws out her gangplank amid rejoicing, the young stranger is the first to board. He seeks out the captain, explains that he has recently made a voyage from New Salem to New Orleans in a flatboat and knows the Sangamon, the tributary stream up whose waters the Talisman next purposes to go, as few men can claim to know it; and he proposes himself as pilot to guide the steamboat up waters that only the hopeful call navigable. The name he gives the captain is an unknown one—Abraham Lincoln. The bargain is struck. The pilot's pay for the round trip from Beardstown on the Illinois to Springfield on the Sangamon is to be \$50. Abraham Lincoln takes the wheel.

Down the Sangamon.

On and on goes the Talisman, creeping down the shallow stream, picking its way among the obtruding snags of fallen trees, avoiding the shallows. If the young riverman can make this voyage, the promoters of the expedition believe that the markets of the East will be open to Springfield and the adjoining settlements, for freight no longer will have to be hauled overland to St. Louis.

On and on chugs the steamboat in the bright March weather, past groups of cheering pioneers, who, lined along the river's banks, use their axes to good purpose to clear obstructions in the way of the first and only steam-

boat that ever came up the Sangamon.

The inspirer of the expedition, one Captain Bogue, a mill owner on the Sangamon, points out his mill as a likely landing place; but the crowd on the shore is landmark enough to the man at the wheel, who has dwelt during most of his twenty-three years in lonely places. He looks with interest at the group of men, women and children that line the shore, shouting and cheering in their delight to see a steamboat come up the Sangamon. Many are on horseback, but some—and the youth notes it with interest and—~~proceed~~—are "flourishing in carriages." One equipage has a lemon-yellow body, black leather top and steps covered with carpet that can be lowered for a lady's descent. Young Lincoln had not seen the like before.

The reader's attention is called to Lincoln's defeat for the legislature, his experiences in the Black Hawk war, his life as a storekeeper in New Salem, and the romantic episode of his love for and loss of Anne May Rutledge.

In those days board cost \$1 a week and good Illinois land could be bought at \$1.50 an acre. The reader moves on with Lincoln to Springfield; he now becomes a member of the legislature, and the writer gives many details of the life in the capital, associated with the home "at the corner of Eighth and Jackson," and the events connected with the old State house, where Lincoln was defeated by Lyman Trumbull, and where later still Lincoln lost the senatorship to Stephen A. Douglas, only to win the presidency over his old-time rival.

Kingston Daily Freeman

Feb 12, 1914

HOW HE EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR

The following interesting story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the executive mansion at Washington. The President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

- 1921

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it strong or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me one or two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit, that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

* * * * *

When Abe Lincoln Went Flatboating from Rockport

Thousands of people from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, with a sprinkling from a dozen other States, gathered at the little town of Rockport, Indiana, July 4, to witness the third biennial presentation of the historical pageant, "When Lincoln Went Flatboating From Rockport."

This pageant is a colorful review of the Lincoln family's fourteen years residence in Spenser County, Indiana, produced by the Spenser County Historical Society under the auspices of the Indiana Lincoln Memorial Association. It was staged in Rocky Side Park, a small tableland on the bluffs bordering on the Ohio River, where the surroundings crags and native timber provide a realistic setting for the reproduction of pioneer days.

The pageant is presented in ten episodes, each depicting an event in the life of Lincoln. The first episode shows the arrival of Thomas Lincoln and family, with their household goods, on a flat boat, from their old home in Hardin county, Kentucky, to their new location in Indiana, in 1816. Little Abe was then seven years of age.

The second episode shows the return of the family and their neighbors from the burial of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. In this scene, as in all the others, the primitive customs are faithfully delineated. The third episode, two years later, shows the return of Thomas Lincoln from a trip to Kentucky, accompanied by his second wife and her three children. The whole settlement turns out in honor of this event and gathered around the log cabin, which was an exact reproduction of the one Lincoln built upon the occasion of his second marriage.

The fourth episode shows a homely pioneer scene at a neighborhood tannery, where the settlers bring the hides and pelts taken in the hunt and chase, to have them made into leather. The fifth episode shows a school of a hundred years ago. Slab benches, dunce cap and stool, cedar water bucket and old fashioned gourd, the method of instruction and discipline, were all artistically portrayed. In addition to the "Three

"WHEN LINCOLN WENT FLATBOATING FROM ROCKPORT"

(Continued from page 1)

The seventh episode shows the wedding of Ann Rody and Allen Gentry in 1828. The Gentry's were the traders and aristocrats of the day in Rockport, and this wedding brought the whole countryside together. The marriage ceremony was followed by an old fashioned frolic with games and dances. In the eighth episode we see the loading of one of Gentry's flatboats with such surplus commodities as a frontiers community produces, for the New Orleans market. It was on this trip that young Abraham Lincoln contracted that aversion to the institution of slavery which had much to do in shaping his future life.

The ninth episode shows Lincoln family taking leave of their neighbors and friends and starting for their new home in Illinois, in 1830. The tenth episode, fourteen years later, shows Abraham Lincoln's return to Rockport to address a political gathering as a Clay elector.

More than five hundred people, ranging in age from four to eighty years, took part in the presentation of this pageant. The manners, costumes and conditions of life a hundred years ago, were faithfully and artistically reproduced. The play was written by

Mrs. Bess V. Ehrmann, and she, with the assistance of Miss Lucile Richards, directed its presentation.

This pageant, which was originally arranged to celebrate a home coming event in Rockport, is now attracting national attention. On last Friday the open-air theatre was filled to its capacity by men and women, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to witness it. Both from a sentimental and artistic consideration no more fitting location for staging this colorful review, could have been found than Rocky Side Park, overlooking the Ohio at the point where Lincoln first set foot on Indiana soil, with the purple hills and green meadows of Kentucky, his birth place, in the immediate background.

CENTRAL CITY (KY) ARGUS
JULY 10, 1930 J18

LINCOLN LORE

No. 68

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

July 28, 1930

LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF
THE LINCOLN
HISTORICAL
RESEARCH
FOUNDATION



ENDOWED BY
THE LINCOLN
NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - Editor

LINCOLN THE RIVERMAN

The outstanding Lincoln celebration this month was the bi-annual pageant conducted in Spencer County, Indiana, on July 4, entitled "When Lincoln Went Flatboating from Rockport." This historical presentation was directed by Bess V. Ehrmann assisted by Lucile Richards.

The theme of the pageant recalls the river experiences of Lincoln which had much to do with determining his future career. In recognition of the Rockport pageant several excerpts presenting Lincoln as a Riverman are exhibited in this number of Lincoln Lore. There are several dramatic episodes in his river experiences.

Ferry Keeper

Lincoln's contact with the river began when he was about 16 or 17 years old at which time he was employed to operate a ferry boat across Anderson Creek where it enters the Ohio River. He related to Secretary Seward at Washington a reminiscence of his boyhood days which left a deep impression upon him.

"As he stood at the landing, a steamer approached, coming down the river. At the same time two passengers came to the river's bank who wished to be taken out to the packet with their luggage. Looking among the boats at the landing, they singled out Abraham's, and asked him to scull them to the steamer. This he did, and after seeing them and their trunks on board, he had the pleasure of receiving upon the bottom of his boat, before he shoved off, a silver half dollar from each of his passengers. 'I could scarcely believe my eyes,' said Mr. Lincoln, in telling the story. 'You may think it was a very little thing,' continued he, 'but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.'"

First New Orleans Trip

Possibly it was his skill as a boatman acquired by his apprenticeship

at Anderson Creek that opened the way for his first trip to New Orleans. One of the neighbors, James Gentry, proposed that he accompany his son, Allen Gentry, on a business trip down the Ohio. Lincoln gave a brief account of his adventure in his own autobiography as follows:

"When he was nineteen, still residing in Indiana, he made his first trip upon a flatboat to New Orleans. He was a hired hand merely, and he and the son of the owner, without other assistance made the trip. The nature of part of the 'cargo load', as it was called, made it necessary for them to linger and trade along the sugar-coast; and one night they were attacked by seven negroes with intent to kill and rob them. They were hurt some in the melee but succeeded in driving the negroes from the boat and then 'cut cable,' 'weighed anchor,' and left."

Second New Orleans Trip

After the Lincoln family had moved to Illinois Lincoln's river experiences again opened the way for another opportunity to make a trip to New Orleans. We learn of this new venture also from Lincoln's own testimony.

"During that winter Abraham, together with his stepmother's son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, yet residing in Macon County, hired themselves to Denton Offutt to take a flatboat from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Orleans; and for that purpose were to join him—Offutt—at Springfield, Illinois, so soon as the snow should go off . . . This led to their hiring themselves to him for twelve dollars per month each, and getting the timber out of the trees and building a boat at Old Sangamon town on the Sangamon River, seven miles northwest of Springfield, which boat they took to New Orleans, substantially upon the old contract . . . Hanks had not gone to New Orleans, but having a family, and being likely to be detained from home longer than at first expected, had turned back from St. Louis."

Upon the testimony of John Hanks the story has been given wide circulation that Abraham Lincoln on this trip first observed slaves being sold at auction in New Orleans and resolved to help and destroy the institution if opportunity afforded it.

The fact that Hanks is supposed to have heard this declaration at New Orleans when Lincoln himself says Hanks did not make the trip places the oft repeated statement of Lincoln's resolution in doubt.

It would be much more reasonable to conclude that the unfavorable reaction of Lincoln towards the slave market occurred at the time of his first visit to New Orleans.

Louisville to St. Louis

Another boat trip which Lincoln took as a passenger rather than a laborer also left an impression on Lincoln that may have had more to do with his later activities than has been admitted.

In 1841 after a severe nervous collapse he paid a visit to his friend Joshua Speed who lived in Louisville, Kentucky, after returning home he wrote a letter to Mary Speed, sister of Joshua Speed, to whom he related some of the experiences of his return trip. A portion of the letter follows:

"We got on board the steamboat Lebanon in the locks of the canal, about twelve o'clock m. of the day we left, and reached St. Louis the next Monday at 8 P. M. Nothing of interest happened during the passage, except the vexatious delays occasioned by the sand-bars be thought interesting. By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together. A small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fish upon a trout-line. In this condition they were being separated forever from the scenes of their childhood, their friends, their fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and many of them from their wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery, where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless and unrelenting than any other where; and yet amid all these distressing circumstances, as we would think them, they were the most cheerful and apparently happy creatures on board."

A correspondent writing from Rockport, Indiana, on May 21, 1860, after commenting on Lincoln's nomination says: "Old flatboat men claim him as one of their number, and as he was a safe pilot in guiding hundreds of boats through the tortuous windings of the Father of Waters so they are quite willing to trust him with the helm of the ship of state."

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 466

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

March 14, 1938

LINCOLN AND THE LOGGING INDUSTRY

Copy for this issue of Lincoln Lore is being written by the editor after having spent three days in the state of Oregon driving through her magnificent forests and along her beautiful rivers. One is convinced that Lincoln would have been extremely happy out here in this county had he accepted the office as secretary of Oregon which seems to have been offered to him at one time.

One is constantly reminded of Lincoln as the mammoth trees in the virgin forests are observed and the memory of the tall railsplitter in the Indiana wilderness is recalled. In an autobiographical sketch, Lincoln stated that when he was but eight years of age he went to work with an ax helping his father to make a clearing in the wilderness where their home was located. One remembers, also, that the neighbors of the Lincoln's in Indiana never forgot the great strength of this woodsman who could sink an ax deeper into a stump than any other man in the country-side.

It is very doubtful if Lincoln could have been called by any other term that so accurately identified him in his young manhood as the name "Railsplitter." It associated him definitely with the woods in which he grew up and which he loved. The first rostrum from which he spoke as a youth to his audience of pioneer children was a tree stump. He was most certainly a stump speaker, and his voice with its high pitched tone was the piercing voice of a wilderness spokesman.

But the trees had to be gotten out of the forests and rivers were the only primitive vehicles which could carry them to their long distant destination. As the net work of the great log rafts which now line the Oregon rivers are observed, Lincoln's own river experiences are recalled. He would have felt very much at home on one of these temporary flatboats, as he assisted in the construction of many early river

craft which were little more than log rafts with cabins on them.

One remembers the eventful trip which Lincoln made to New Orleans in 1882, when a youth but nineteen years of age, and he would be a fa-

"BENSON VS. DEANE
Sangamon Circuit Court
December Term, 1858
Lincoln and Herndon

Hon. David Davis Presiding
"The the Honorable Judge of the Circuit Court of Sangamon County—
"(1) For that whereas in the Declaration the Plaintiff William Benson avers that he was engaged in the business of operating a grist-mill at a point on the Sangamon River set
"(2) forth in the declaration—He further avers that while so engaged the Defendant Silas Deane was at a point farther up stream cutting saw-logs—That he the defendant threw some saw-logs into the stream during
"(3) the Spring freshets—that the same floated down stream and burst his the plaintiffs mill dam causing him great loss and causing damage to his mill—Therefore he seeks replevin in the sum of money of four-hundred dollars \$400.00—

"Appearing for Defendant

"Lincoln and Herndon

"Submitted—

"That the question before the Court is whether the said stream is a navigable stream within the meaning of the term—If the said stream is a navigable stream within the meaning of the term it is therefore a Public highway and as such defendant is within his rights in floating saw-logs—If the stream is not a navigable stream within the meaning of the term it is therefore private property and if such it is the opinion of counsel that Plaintiff may recover his damages by replevin—

"Springfield, Dec. 1st 1858

"A. Lincoln"

miliar figure, indeed, standing on one of these Oregon rafts with his hobnailed boots, primitive dress and loggers pole. Lincoln, in a very peculiar scene, fits into the picture of Oregon.

In the city of Portland, there is a very excellent bronze statue of Abra-

ham Lincoln with head bowed, revealing him in serious meditation. But this is not the Lincoln which one associates with the Oregon Trail. It is a buoyant, cheerful Lincoln with uplifted head and the very spirit of adventure and optimism in every line of his body. In Oregon, Lincoln would have been happy instead of depressed and would have lived over again his youthful years in the Indiana wilderness.

Lincoln's experience as a riverman is well known and his interest in the navigation of the streams was one of the principal planks in his early political platforms. It will be recalled when "The Talisman", the first steamboat to descend the Sangamon River to Springfield, Illinois, reached her destination, Lincoln was the pilot. It was on this river also that he built his first flatboat in Illinois and had his interesting experience on the mill dam at New Salem.

After Lincoln began to practice law, he was often retained by those who had some legal problem to settle with respect to the navigation of the rivers. The Rock Island bridge case in which he defended the rights of the railroad to build a bridge over a navigable stream is a case in point. He was well informed on all phases of river litigation.

One of the finest Lincoln documents bearing on Lincoln's legal practice with respect to river problems recently came to light in New York and was acquired by the Lincoln National Life Foundation. It will be observed from the copy of the manuscript which appears on this page, that in this case the question of whether or not the Sangamon River was navigable as late as December 1858, is the decisive point. This document was called to mind as the editor of Lincoln Lore observed so many thousands of great logs which had been hurled into the Oregon rivers and were being floated to their proper destinations.

LINCOLN LORE

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Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April 25, 1938

LINCOLN'S RETURN TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS

One hundred and ten years ago in the spring of 1828, Abraham Lincoln made his first trip to New Orleans on a flatboat. The boat was launched at Rockport on the Ohio River about twenty miles from his Indiana home. The trip down the river was an extremely eventful one as Lincoln has revealed in one of his autobiographical sketches. Little is known, however, about the return passage upstream and it was so overshadowed in point of interest when compared to his trip down the river that apparently he did not think it worth while to comment on.

There is but one brief statement, as far as is known, in which Lincoln made a direct reference to his progress up the river by steamboat and it may have referred to either the 1828 or the 1831 trip. The authority for the story was George H. Yeaman of Kentucky, who upon a visit to the White House recalled the following incident. He said:

"Examining a large military map hanging against the wall, Mr. Lincoln approached me and pointed out where the Mississippi river once made a horseshoe bend, nearly a complete circuit, around which he went on a flatboat in descending the river, and pointed out where the river broke through the narrow peninsula, while he was at New Orleans, making a new channel through which the pilot, on the up journey, guided the steamer, where it was dry land on the down trip."

James Gentry, brother of Allen Gentry with whom Abraham Lincoln made the trip in 1828, states that both of the young men returned from New Orleans by steamboat as "deck" passengers. This, as far as is known, was Abraham Lincoln's first experience for any long run on this type of river craft.

It has been difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty the exact dates on which this first flatboat trip was made, although Lincoln was supposed to have gone to work constructing the boat about March first. We do know that Allen Gentry, who accompanied Lincoln, was married to Kate Robey at Rockport on March 20, 1828, so that the date of departure must have been some time after the marriage.

The date of arrival in New Orleans is also unknown as it is problematical how much time was spent by the navigators in trading along the sugar coast. Lamon, on some unknown authority, states that Lincoln returned to Indiana in June which is a somewhat later date than is generally accepted.

The editor of *Lincoln Lore* has made a careful search in New Orleans for some reference to the arrival there of the Rockport flatboat but although hundreds of these river craft are listed with the names of owners and the amount of produce and merchandise on board, one looks in vain for the name of Gentry and Lincoln.

Assuming that they were in New Orleans along the last of April and were at that time seeking passage home, they would have had no difficulty in finding plenty of boats booked for Louisville and Cincinnati. In case they were ready to return by April 16, they would have found the steamer, *Amazon*, ready to embark.

A newspaper account of the steamship, *Amazon*, which arrived in Louisville, Kentucky, from New Orleans on April 25, 1828, gives a good idea of the traffic on the Ohio at this time. This news item is excerpted from the *Vincennes Sun* of that period.

"The steamboat, *Amazon*, under Capt. Paul, arrived in Louisville on the 25th inst. from New Orleans in nine days from port to port with a cargo of 384 tons, eighty-three cabin and four hundred and thirty-one deck passengers. The *Amazon* made the trip from Louisville to New Orleans and back in less than three weeks. Let the Eastern steamboats beat this in speed, quantity of cargo or in number of passengers."

The newspapers of New Orleans give a good picture of the city as it must have appeared at the time of Lincoln's first visit and of special interest is the visualization of the harbor craft from the following shipping reports for April 26, 1828: Vessels in port: Ships, 66; brigs, 85; schooners, 30; sloops, 6; steamboats, 20.

These various seagoing vessels were bound for the following points: Liverpool; Harve; Bordeaux; Hamburg; Gibraltar; Aberdeen; Bremen; Laguna; Vera Cruz; Rio Grande; Philadelphia; New York; Bristol, R. I.; Boston; Baltimore; Providence; Portland; and Pensacola.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of flatboats which were in the process of being unloaded while Lincoln was in the busy port. In May, the newspaper announced that thirty-nine flatboats had arrived from Kentucky and Tennessee in one day.

The names of boats, names of captains, destinations, and dates of departure for steamboats up the river appear in the paper of April 26th: *Feliciana*—Capt. Voorhees, Louisville, date not known; *Lady of the Lake*—Capt. Kimball, Louisville, April 27; *The New York*—Capt. Smith, Cincinnati, April 26; *Belle Creole*—Capt. Perry, Louisville, April 26; *Belvedere*—Capt. Morris, Cincinnati, April 30.

It will be observed how difficult it would be to point out the steamer on which Lincoln may have traveled up the river. Among other Louisville steamers making regular trips at this time were the *Montezuma*, Capt. Ed-wardson; *Atlanta*, Capt. Barlow; *Crusader*, Capt. Jackson; and *General Wayne*, Capt. Master.

A Louisville newspaper for May 5, 1828, states that the steamboats *George Washington*, *General Wayne*, and *Daniel Boone* had just arrived in port from New Orleans and delivered a big store of goods to Isaac Lyon, a large part of which was sold by auction. The merchandise included a large quantity of sugar, brandy, wine, shaving soap, Russian cloth, and spices.

Lincoln must have thoroughly enjoyed the trip up the Ohio River in the spring of 1828, and possibly some day there may be discovered the exact date on which he embarked and the name of the steamship on which he made his first voyage in a power driven craft.

Figure	Figure Description	Figure Title
Fig. 1	Flowchart illustrating the study design and participant flow.	Study Design and Participant Flow
Fig. 2	Bar chart showing the distribution of participants across different age groups.	Participant Distribution by Age Group
Fig. 3	Line graph showing the change in blood pressure over time for different treatment groups.	Blood Pressure Change over Time
Fig. 4	Scatter plot showing the relationship between cholesterol levels and blood pressure.	Cholesterol vs. Blood Pressure
Fig. 5	Bar chart showing the effect of treatment on blood pressure reduction.	Treatment Effect on Blood Pressure
Fig. 6	Line graph showing the effect of treatment on cholesterol levels.	Treatment Effect on Cholesterol
Fig. 7	Scatter plot showing the relationship between blood pressure and cholesterol levels.	Blood Pressure vs. Cholesterol
Fig. 8	Bar chart showing the effect of treatment on blood pressure reduction in different subgroups.	Treatment Effect on Blood Pressure by Subgroup
Fig. 9	Line graph showing the effect of treatment on cholesterol levels in different subgroups.	Treatment Effect on Cholesterol by Subgroup
Fig. 10	Scatter plot showing the relationship between blood pressure and cholesterol levels in different subgroups.	Blood Pressure vs. Cholesterol by Subgroup

Rockport Indiana
April 29th 1938

Rev. Louis A. Warren
Fort Wayne, Ind.

My dear Dr. Warren: I have just read this
last Lincoln Lore, April 25th 38, and wish
to comment on two mistakes.

First, there was no Kate Roby, her
name was Ann Roby. Ann Roby
and Allen Hentey were married
March 20, 1828. I know the
granddaughter well. She was named
Ann, for her grandmother.

Second, Allen Hentey, his son
Absalom, and his grandsons,
Louis Hentey, were all flatboat
men and they made their
trips to New Orleans in the
late fall or early winter. I
knew Louis Hentey, the grandsons,
and he told me that they
never went in the spring

of the year. I have talked to the members of the Sentry family, a large number of them, and they all say that Allen Sentry went to New Orleans with Lincoln as helper, the last week in Dec. 1828. This date was remembered because the first child born to Allen and Ann Sentry was born on December 18, 1828. Allen had refused to go until he knew all was well at home.

After Lincoln became famous the Sentries were always to remember the date of that particular flat boat trip, from the date of the eldest son's birth.

I have in my historical files a letter written by C. Williams Morgan on January 22, 1821, to his brother, John Morgan, Rockports' first postmaster. In this letter

William Morgan mentioning starting his flatboats out one month before his letter was written, which would have been December. This corroborated Mr. Kirby's statement about winter flatboat trips in this locality.

Dr. Warren, you are so seldom mistaken in your historical data as printed, but I know these two statements in Lincoln have are wrong.

In my book "The Missing Chapter in the Life of Abraham Lincoln" I make mention of the date of this trip, also the "Kate" Roby error, which has often been made.

I appreciate the assistance the Lincoln Foundation is giving my book, and doubtless you ~~will~~ recall that I asked you several years ago if I should compile all the

4.
material that I had collected on
the Indiana years and you
wrote me to do it.

When the book is in your
hands I hope you read it
with sympathetic understanding. I am
not a great author like you, but
in my humble way I have tried
to save for Lincoln students the
facts brought to light by "The
Lincoln Inquiry".

You have always been
interested and kind concerning
our work in Spencer County
and I thank you.

Sincerely,

Bess D. Ehlmann



May. 5, 1938

Miss Bess V. Ehrmann
Rockport, Indiana

My dear Miss Ehrmann:

Thank you very much for your letter of April 29 and I appreciate your calling to my attention the two mistakes in a recent issue of Lincoln Lore. I regret the carelessness in having called Ann Roby Kate Roby as I clearly had before me in my records a copy of the statement of her marriage to Allen Gentry.

The other problem, however, as to when Lincoln left Rockport for New Orleans is one that has given me considerable trouble and I am sure that you have very fine evidence which would tend to place the trip up later in the year.

Possibly the fact that Lincoln left from Illinois in the Spring for his New Orleans trip might have some bearing on selecting Springtime as the probable time of leaving for New Orleans in 1928.

We are looking forward with very much pleasure to your forthcoming publication and I believe our Lincolniana Publishers who have been handling the book report a very good advance list of orders.

I feel especially anxious to see the papers which have been gathered by the Southwestern Indiana Historical Association as it has never been my privilege to go over them.

We are all very much pleased to see that you are to bring out the contents of them and I think it will make a real contribution to our knowledge of the Lincoln family in Southern Indiana.

Thanking you again for your comments and corrections,
I am

Very truly yours,

LAW:EB

Director

DEDICATION OF THE "Abe Lincoln Ferry Park"

(Anderson Creek Ferry)

Sunday, October 1, 1939

AUSPICES OF THE **Boonville Press Club**

BAND CONCERT BOONVILLE SCHOOL BAND
Prof. A. W. Richards, Director.

1. "March of Youth."
2. "Grandiose Overture."
3. "American Patrol."
4. "Pomp And Circumstance."
5. "Rally 'Round the Flag."

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.....ERNEST W. OWEN,
President Boonville Press Club—Master of Ceremonies.

COMMUNITY SINGING "AMERICA"
..... BAND AND AUDIENCE.
Led by Mrs. Olive O'Neil Owen.

INVOCATION

READING ORIGINAL POEM: "THE LINCOLN
HANDSHAKE".....BLANCHE HAMMOND CAMP,
Poet Laureate, Boonville Press Club

ADDRESS: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE FERRY-
MAN." HON. JAMES M. TUCKER,
Secretary of State of Indiana

VOCAL SOLO, "GOD BLESS AMERICA"
..... MRS. OLIVE O'NEIL OWEN.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS: Dedicating the newest
Lincoln Park..... HON. T. A. DICUS,
Chairman Indiana Highway Commission.

Responses Of The Following:

THANKS OF SPENCER COUNTY:.....
.....MRS. BESS V. EHRMANN, Rockport.

THANKS OF PERRY COUNTY:
.....WILLIAM G. MINOR, Cannelton.

THANKS OF WARRICK COUNTY:
.....IVOR J. ROBINSON, Boonville.

THANKS OF PIKE COUNTY:.....
..... A. J. HEURING, Winslow.

INTRODUCTION OF HON. HOWARD ATCHESON AND
C. W. SINIFF—MEMBERS OF INDIANA HIGHWAY
COMMISSION AND H. J. SCHNITZIUS, DIRECTOR
OF ROADSIDE BEAUTIFICATION, INDIANA
HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

ADDRESS: "On This Spot Let Us Erect A Suitable
Lincoln Monument.".....HON. ROSS F. LOCKRIDGE,
Director New Harmony Memorial Commission.

INTRODUCTION OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE FOR
SHORT TALKS HON. PHILIP LUTZ, JR.
Past President Boonville Press Club.

COMMUNITY SINGING, "Star Spangled Banner."....
..... BAND AND AUDIENCE

BENEDICTION REV. R. H. TOOLE
MARCH—"Semper Fidelis." (Sousa)
..... BOONVILLE SCHOOL BAND.

THE AMPLIFYING SERVICE USED HERE TODAY
WAS KINDLY FURNISHED BY THE INDIANA
DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION, WITH
HARRELL MOSBAUGH IN CHARGE.

Arrangement Committee:

Ernest W. Owen, Mrs. Bess Gross, Arlie G. Shelton,
C. D. Schrieber and A. J. Heuring.

Automobile Parking:

George F. Coyle, Commander Perry County Post, No.
213 and William Birchler, Commander, Harry G.
Myers Post No. 142, American Legion, and members
of each Post.

Music Committee:

A. W. Richards and Mrs. Olive O'Neil Owen.

Registration Committee

A. J. Heuring, Floyd Oursler, John D. Barker, Philip
Lutz, Jr., Mrs. Ella Roth.

Picnic Dinner Committee:

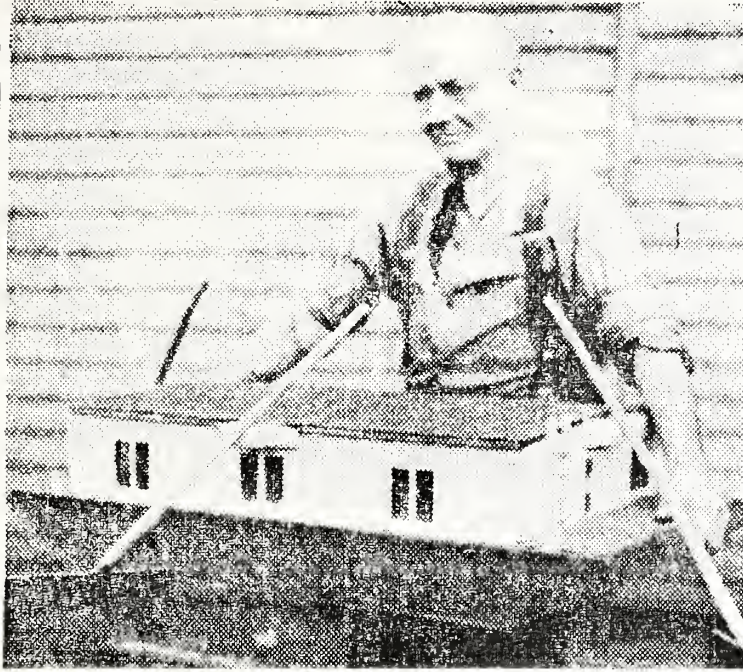
Mrs. Bertha Roth, Mrs. Katie Kirsch Barker, Miss
Lucy Baum, Mrs. Josephine de Forrest, Mrs. Esther
Lutz, Mrs. Lucy Helmbock, Mrs. Rhoda Barnhill, Mrs.
Lulu Tweedy, Miss Bessie Helmbock, Mrs. Oran
Barker.

OUR THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO ASSISTED IN
ANY WAY IN THE DEDICATION OF THIS PARK.

Special Thanks To:

Indiana Highway Commission and Employees.
Indiana Department of Conservation for amplifying
service and Mr. Mosbaugh in charge.
Winslow Dispatch for programs.
Troy Refining Corporation for various favors.
Perry County Historical Society for favors.
Tell City Chamber of Commerce for favors.
Boonville School Band and its director, Prof. A. W.
Richards.
Our speakers and ones taking part on the program.
Elma A. Leslie and Mrs. Rhoda Barnhill for trans-
portation of the Boonville School Band.
C. D. Schrieber for many favors.
Chairs provided by Kiwanis Club of Tell City.
To the Daily and Weekly newspapers for generous
publicity.
WGBF—Evansville on the Air—for publicity.

Lincoln Flatboat Replica Back With Owner-Builder



Harry Evans and his Lincoln flat boat replica.

A replica of a flat boat used by Abraham Lincoln on the Ohio river during 1812, is a prized possession of Henry Evans, Gum and Line streets.

The replica, a part of the display of Lincoln material at the Rockport museum, was built by Mr. Evans three years ago and had been in the museum for more than two years.

Mr. Evans, who was on the river

as a ferry boat tender for 40 years, knows the history of flat boats and built the small boat during odd moments.

The red and white replica will float, he says.

Mr. Evans pointed out that his father, Thomas Benton Evans, who worked on the river, said flat boats are so called due to their width and length dimensions.

Springfield, Illinois
November 20, 1942

Dr. Louis Warren
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dear Sir:

Referring to Bulletin No. 703, September 28, 1942, regarding hotel keepers. My grandfather, William Roll, settled in Sangamo Town in 1828. My father, John Eddy Roll, with the balance of the Roll family followed in the spring of 1830. It was in the spring of 1831 that my father first met Lincoln when he helped Lincoln build the flatboat that got lodged on the New Salem Mill Dam. Speaking of this incident, my father says that Jacob C. Carman was the tavern keeper in Sangamo Town at that time. An item published in the Illinois State Journal on January 29, 1833, mentions the appointment of Dr. A. G. Henry, of Louisville, Kentucky to succeed Jacob C. Roll as Postmaster of Sangamo; also that he (Roll) has for rent or sale, a grist mill and distillery and one thousand acres of land. Jacob Roll was a brother of William Roll.

I am enclosing a photostatic copy of an interview with John E. Roll, published in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, on May 8, 1892, for your inspection. I have many hundreds of books, pictures and souvenirs made from the walnut doors and locks, taken from the Lincoln home in 1849, by John E. Roll in exchange for work performed in the home at that time. I have in my possession the charge book kept by my father showing the transaction. Hundreds of people who view my Lincoln collection say it is the most complete of any private collection they have ever seen. I have these many articles on display in my Lincoln den, on my premises, separate from my home. I am offering the complete collection, including a bookcase made from the walnut doors, for sale as I am not physically fit to care for it at all times.

I shall be glad to have a few lines from you. I also have a plat of Sangamo, as it was in my father's time.

Respectfully yours,

John Linden Roll
John Linden Roll

JLR:fw
Enc.

LINCOLN'S FLATBOAT.

The Story of a Famous Craft Told by One of Its Builders.

How John E. Roll, of Springfield, Ill., Helped Lincoln Sixty-One Years Ago—The Future President's Appearance and Manners—How He Saved Three Lives.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 7.—Sixty-one years ago—it was April 10, 1831—the flatboat which Abraham Lincoln piloted to New Orleans had got as far down the Sangamon River as the old town of New Salem, and there it had straddled upon the Rutledge mill dam. One end of the boat projected over the dam, and it was there that Lincoln introduced a new, original and labor-saving method of getting undesirable water out of a boat. He bored a hole in the bottom, the water ran out, and the boat, relieved of its burden, passed over the dam and proceeded on its journey.

The story of Lincoln's flatboat and his trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans is as familiar to the world as almost any other incident of his illustrious career. And yet few persons outside of Springfield—and there are many here who do not know it—know



John E. Roll.

that there now lives in this city, at a ripe old age, a man who helped Lincoln build that immortal craft. His name is John E. Roll, and he is the sole survivor of those who were associated with Lincoln in the construction or the navigation of his flatboat. He was five years the junior of Lincoln, being now in his 78th year. For nearly half a century he has prominently identified with the growth and the interests of Springfield, and his own career has been an eventful one. At one time he was worth not less than \$350,000, largely invested in real estate, which at this day would have been worth probably \$1,000,000 or more, but most of his fortune has slipped away, although he is still in comfortable circumstances, and he is spending his last days in peaceful retirement. His mind is still as clear as ever, and nothing delights him so much as to sit down and spin out stories of pioneer days.

REMEMBERS LAFAYETTE.

Mr. Roll was born in Green Village, Morris County, N. Y., June 9, 1814. He remembers distinctly the visit of Lafayette to Morris-town in 1824. On Lafayette's way from Madison to Morristown his wagon broke down, and he rode into the latter place on three wheels, with a pole under one side of the wagon.

"And in 1829, I think it was," said Mr. Roll a few days ago, "I rode on the first railroad ever constructed in this country. Wm. T. James then owned an extensive machine shop in New York City, and in an upper story of his shop was a little railroad. His son, John James, was one of my boyhood friends, and together we rode around the shop on this railroad. This was only a model, of course, and no real railroads for the general public had then been built in this country."

"April 29, 1830, I started for Illinois. We crossed the mountains in wagons, and at Pittsburg we sold our wagons and teams and started down the Ohio River, on the 'Hill-lander.' Below the falls at Louisville we took the 'Huntsman' and went to St. Louis. We arrived in St. Louis on the evening of the 4th of June. We crossed over that evening to Illinois Town. We staid all night at an old tavern, and the next morning I started for Springfield, walking all the way, arriving here on the 7th at 4 o'clock. From here I walked to Sangamo Town, seven miles northwest of Springfield, on the Sangamon River. I had relatives near there and remained with them."

LINCOLN IN 1831.

"Toward the spring of 1831 a tall, gaunt, ungainly young man made his appearance in Sangamo. He soon made it known that his name was Abe Lincoln, and that he had come from Mason County to build a flatboat for

Messrs. Offutt & Green. The boat was to start from New Salem, but Sangamo was selected as the place for its construction because there was a saw mill at the place, run by Charles Broadwell, and timber was there in abundance. Sangamo was then a flourishing village, as large or larger than Springfield, and it is a singular fact that at this day not a trace of the old town remains. Lincoln was accompanied by his step-brother, John Johnston, who, however, was too lazy to be of any service to Lincoln, and they soon parted company. Lincoln was then a little past 22 years of age, and he was the rawest, most primitive looking specimen of humanity I ever saw. He was tall, bony and as homely as he has ever been pictured. He had on a suit of blue jeans—if it could be called a suit. It seemed that everything was too short for him. His pantaloons lacked 4 or 5 inches of reaching the ground, and when the legs were not stuffed into his big rawhide boots they were held down by leather straps, which extended under his boots. He wore an old roundabout that might have served him in his younger days, but was now far too short for him, and when he stooped over he showed 4 or 5 inches of his suspenders—that is, when he went so far as to have on a pair of 'galluses.' He wore a drab-colored wool hat, pretty well worn, small-crowned and broad-brimmed. I remember one occasion on which this old hat was brought into service for the entertainment of the natives. Lincoln boarded at Jacob Carman's old tavern, and one day a sleight-of-hand performer made his appearance in the village. At the tavern a crowd of course gathered around him, and he entertained us for some time. He asked for somebody's hat to try some eggs in, and Lincoln pulled out his old slouch hat and passed it up. The magician put in some fresh eggs, made a pretense of holding the hat over the fire, and then handed back a hat full of fried eggs. This amused Lincoln greatly, and he seemed to pride himself on having such a convenient cooking utensil.

BUILDING THE FLATBOAT.

"Lincoln went to work for Offutt & Green for \$15 a month. He had to have help on the flatboat, of course, and as I was then in my 17th year, and could do practically the work of a man, I had no trouble in getting a job with him. He set me to work making pins, and I made all the pins that went into that flatboat," and the old man's eyes twinkled with pride at this fond recollection. "It took about a month, as I remember it, to build the boat, and during that time a number were employed, some of them just for a day or two, in helping Lincoln. Among those who worked on the boat were John Johnston, Lincoln's step-brother; Walter Carman, a son of Jacob Carman, the tavern-keeper; John Seaman and a young man named Cabanis. All are now dead, with the exception of myself, although I believe there are two or three others now living who saw Lincoln's flatboat while it was being built or on the day it was launched."

"When the boat was completed it was shoved into the river. It was an event that created something of a stir in the town, and a crowd of us got on the boat with Lincoln and rode down the river as far as Lemon's Bend, about two and a half miles below Sangamon. At that point we got off, and Lincoln and his companions proceeded on their way down the river. Of the rest of their journey I know nothing more than has got into the biographies of Lincoln. The boat was an ordinary flatboat, such as were used in those days. I can testify that Lincoln bossed the job well and that the boat was well built."

THREE LIVES SAVED.

"After the boat was finished, and just before it was launched, Lincoln had occasion to save the lives of three of the men who had helped him build the craft. The incident was one which created considerable excitement among the natives, and was long remembered in that locality. We had made a 'dugout' or canoe out of a log, under Lincoln's direction, and this canoe was to be used with the flatboat on the trip. We took it to the water's edge and pushed it in. John Seaman and Walter Carman—each one anxious to get the first ride—jumped into the little craft as soon as it touched the water. The 'dugout' shot out into the river, with Seaman in the stern of the boat and Carman working the paddle. The preceding winter was the one of the historic deep snow in Illinois, and the spring rains and the melting snow had swollen the Sangamon River so that it was far out of its banks. The two men in the canoe in a few moments found themselves at the mercy of the turbulent waters, powerless to control the canoe or to get back to shore. After making a frantic effort to paddle to shore they headed for the wreck of an old flatboat, the first ever built on the Sangamon River, which had sunk and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. As they approached the wreck of the old boat Seaman too eagerly reached for the stanchion, caught hold of it, and the canoe capsized. Seaman managed to keep hold of the stanchion, but

Carman, being thrown into the water, was unable to reach either the wrecked flatboat or the canoe, which was rapidly floating off down the river. The whole proceeding had been watched with considerable consternation by Lincoln and the rest of us on shore. Just below the wrecked flatboat was an old elm tree, which stood on the bank of the stream when the river was within its banks, but which was now far out from the shore, and its branches touched the water. Lincoln called to Carman to swim to the tree. Carman was a good swimmer, and after some difficulty reached the tree and pulled himself into the branches. The water was extremely cold, and he was almost frozen. Lincoln then called to Seaman to let go of the flatboat stanchion and swim to the tree. Seaman was also chilled through. He could hang to the stanchion only a few minutes longer at best, and his only hope was to get to the tree. He plunged into the water, and by desperate efforts reached the tree, and his comrade, Carman, helped him to climb up into it.

A CRITICAL SITUATION.

"The situation was now more critical than ever. The two men were clinging to that tree, shivering and almost frozen and exhausted, and it was only a question of a short time when they could hold no longer, and then it would all be over with them. The canoe had been swept down the river, and there was not another boat within reach. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and Lincoln was instinctively conceded the leadership in the effort to save the perishing men. He called to the men in the tree to keep moving and 'fling their arms about them' so as to keep from being chilled to death."

"A log which had been selected for a sill for one of the new buildings going up in the town lay near the shore. Around the end of this log Lincoln tied a rope, and with the assistance of the bystanders it was rolled into the water. It was towed some distance up the stream, and then a daring fellow by the name of Jim Dorrell took his seat upon the end of the log, and it was pushed into the stream, with the expectation that it would be carried by the current to the tree. Lincoln's judgment proved superb, for the log went straight to the tree. Dorrell, however, proved unequal to the emergency. In his excitement he seized a branch of the tree, and the log swept from under him. He managed to climb into the tree and joined the two other unfortunates."

"The log was pulled back to shore by Lincoln and the bystanders. Lincoln now resolved to go to the tree himself and bring back the boys. Securing another rope he straddled the log and it was given a push into the raging Sangamon. The log again went to the tree and the future President threw the noose of the rope he carried over the stub of a broken limb, then gradually broke the speed of the log, slowly drew it up to the tree, and held it there until the three perishing men had climbed down and asserted themselves astride the log. He then directed those on shore to hold tightly the rope attached to the log, and the current swept the log ashore. I shall never forget the cheers that went up for Abe Lincoln as he reached dry land with the three men whom he had rescued. The incident made a hero of Abe all along the Sangamon, and the inhabitants never tired of telling of the daring exploit."

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

"While the flatboat was being made," Mr. Roll went on, "it was a common thing for the men of the village to get together in the morning, at noon and at night and take their seats on a sleek, barkless log, which had been fixed up for that purpose in the lane alongside of Shepherd's grist mill. Lincoln invariably had a seat with the boys on the log, and it was here that he first acquired his reputation as a joker and story-teller. It was always a merry party which gathered at this log. For years afterward the log was known as 'Abe's log,' and it remained there until it rotted."

Lincoln never forgot his old friend Roll, and before starting for Washington to take the presidential chair he presented Mr. Roll the family dog. This canine was well cared for and lived several years afterward. Mr. Roll now has the picture of the dog. He also acquired several articles of furniture used by the Lincoln family. Mr. Roll was also an admirer of Lincoln's great political rival and personal friend, Stephen A. Douglas, and now carries the watch once owned by that famous statesman. The watch is a solid gold one and bears the initials 'A. D. W.' Mr. Roll bought it thirty-two years ago, paying \$150 for it. The watch has to be repaired occasionally, but it still keeps good time.

J. MCC. D.

Only \$67.50

TO PORTLAND, ORE., AND RETURN.

The Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets from St. Louis at the above very low rate May 9 to 14 inclusive, good ninety days. Ticket offices, northwest corner Broadway and Olive street and Union Depot.

*Dr. Louis A. Warren
St. Wayne Ind.*

*Springfield, Ill.
Nov. 20-42*

THE STORY OF THE ROLLS

In the spring of 1828, William Roll, his brother, Jacob and the latter's son, Pierson Roll, arrived in Sangamon Town from New Jersey. William Roll became a farmer, his brother, Jacob, was the owner of a store, a grist mill and the Sangamon Town Postmaster and Pierson Roll became an extensive land owner.

Two years later, John Roll, followed his father, William Roll to Sangamon Town with the balance of the Roll family. It was here that the younger Roll met Abraham Lincoln for the first time early in 1831 when he helped the latter build the flat boat that later became lodged on the Rutledge Dam at New Salem, Illinois. John made all the wooden pins for the boat, as in those days wooden pins were used in place of nails.

After Lincoln departed from Sangamon Town life once more became dull and John Roll, like his friend "Abe" left the village and made his home at Springfield, Illinois. It was at Springfield some years later that Mr. Lincoln made his first political promise, stating that when he became president he would give John Roll an office.

John Roll was one of the contractors on the Old State House in Springfield, while his brother-in-law, John F. Rague, was its architect. As a contractor Roll made repairs at the Lincoln home in 1849 and in settlement for the work received "six walnut doors and cash." The doors were made into furniture and souvenirs, which presently are in the author's possession.

In 1854 John Roll's son, William VanDyke Roll, was a school mate of Robert Lincoln at the Illinois State University. His two smaller children, Frank P. and John Linden Roll were playmates of Tad and Willie Lincoln. When the Lincolns departed for Washington they presented their dog 'Fido' to the Roll boys.

When Mr. Lincoln made his House Divided Speech in the Old State House he said, "There is my friend, John Roll, etc. etc.....". This friendship persisted to Lincoln's untimely death, after which John Roll until his death in 1901 lived in reveries of his beloved hero of the 'Flat Boat' building days.

The Rolls, with one exception, your author, have followed their friends the Lincoln to the Great Beyond. John Linden Roll is the last of those Rolls that were so intimately associated with the Lincolns. His fondest possessions are the hundreds of souvenirs, pictures, clippings and tokens dealing with Lincoln.

I hope this short biographical sketch gives you a small fraction of the pleasure that I derived in compiling it for you.

Sincerely,

John Linden Roll
JOHN LINDEN ROLL.

*Born in Springfield, Ill.
June 25-1854,
825 Henrietta St.*



December 2, 1942

Mr. John Linden Roll
825 Henrietta St.
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Mr. Roll:

Thank you for your very interesting letter with reference to your grandfather's contact with Abraham Lincoln and your father's association with him in the building of the flatboat.

The enclosures you also forwarded are of very much interest.

In reference to your collection of Lincolniana, if you will give us some rather comprehensive idea of how many books you have, how many pictures and how many souvenirs and then state at what price you are holding your collection, we can advise you whether or not we are interested in its acquisition.

Very truly yours,

LAW:CRS
L.A. Warren

Director

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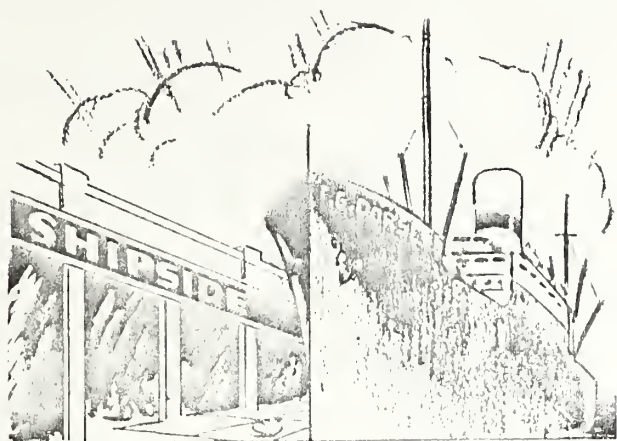
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WALLACE J. STAGNER, Manager

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

★ One hundred and thirty-seven years ago, according to the vague records of the event, Abraham Lincoln was born.

★ A child of the Southern wilderness, his character was molded and wrought in an environment of loneliness, sorrow and privation. His heart bled from early youth until under the weeping skies of a sad April morning in '65 it was drained of its last crimson drop.

★ The joys of the world never knew him, to happiness he was a stranger, life's burdens clung to him with ever-increasing weight until death struck them from his tired shoulders.

★ The great duties that came to him were duties of pain and sorrow, the triumphs he won were triumphs that crushed his soul with grief.

★ Looking back upon his strange career, it almost seems as if the man stalked across the stage of life with a crown of thorns upon his brow, bearing a cross to his Calvary, beholding the world through a mist of tears.

★ He loved his country unselfishly and he served it nobly and with unfaltering faith. His spirit knew neither malice nor hatred, no impulse of vengeance ever sought refuge in his bosom. He

was gentle of speech, sympathetic, charitable, compassionate, patient, tender, brave.

★ Destiny made him the broken-hearted commander-in-chief of an embattled nation turned against his native South, duty drove him through the tragic ordeal, and at the end fate struck him down and left even his estranged kinsmen bowed and dumb above his prostrate form.

★ History reveals no counterpart of Abraham Lincoln. In body, heart, soul and mind, as well as in the fateful career that God marked out for him, the world has had no other like him among all its sons who have been given to lead mankind.

★ The pyramids in time may sink beneath the desert sands, the temples of the earth crumble in the dust of ages, the fame of the Caesars vanish in the darkness of oblivion, but surely so long as the race endures it will behold in the familiar figure of the martyred son—strange, gaunt, silent, colossal, with agony written in the lines of his kindly face and love glowing in his wistful eyes—the saddest, gentlest and most pathetic figure in all human history.

★ ★ ★ ★

HIS FIRST DOLLAR

★ Abraham Lincoln built himself a flatboat to float a few things down the river for sale in New Orleans. His boat was moored at a landing one day when two men with baggage asked him to row them out to a steamboat on which they had engaged passage. Young Lincoln did so, and when the men boarded the river steamer they each tossed down half a dollar to the lad.

★ "It was a most important incident in my life," Lincoln said in later years. "I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day — that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

★ ★ ★ ★

★ Of every 100 recipients of old-age assistance last year in 19 states, 70 lived in their own establishment; 22 lived in homes of relatives; 3 lived in boarding or nursing homes or private institutions; 5 had other living arrangements.

'Friendless Flatboat Worker' Gets Big Job As President of U.S., Preserver of Union

By William H. Maginnis

"A poor friendless youth working on a flatboat at \$10 a month" is a description of himself at the age of 22 written by Abraham Lincoln, who 32 years later as president of the United States signed the bill which admitted West Virginia to the Union.

When 22, Lincoln was living in New Salem, Ill., a village which was later abandoned, but which in recent years has been reconstructed as a memorial to the Civil war president.

Born near Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809, Lincoln lived within a few miles of his birthplace until he was seven years old, when the family moved to Spencer county, Ind., where he lived for 14 years and where his mother died in October 1818.

In 1830, when Abraham was 21 years old, the family moved again. Packing the family household goods on a wagon drawn by oxen, the family crossed the Wabash river at Vincennes and settled on the Sangamon river in Macon county, Ill., not far from Decatur.

Later he helped Denton Offutt to build and navigate a flatboat from a point near Springfield to New Orleans, La.

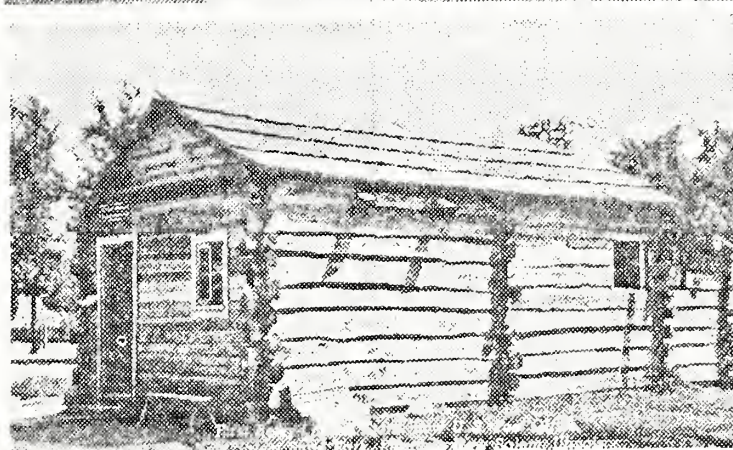
In 1831 Lincoln settled at New Salem on the Sangamon river about 20 miles northwest of Springfield. There he spent six formative years in a variety of occupations. First he clerked in a store, which Offutt opened in 1831, but which had to be closed after a few months.

In New Salem, he helped organize a company to fight Indians in the Black Hawk war and was elected its captain. Soon after his return from that short war, he was defeated as a candidate for the state legislature, although he carried New Salem by a vote of 227 to 73.

He formed a partnership with W. F. Berry in operating a store, but was unsuccessful and sold his interest in the store to Berry. Lincoln was appointed postmaster in 1833, but the post office was discontinued in 1836. He also clerked in Samuel Hill's store and served as deputy county surveyor.

It was while he was in New Salem that Lincoln courted Ann Rutledge, studied law and was admitted to the bar.

In 1834, when he was 25 years old, Lincoln was elected to the



Lincoln's Home, Post Office Are Popular Shrines

The only home which Abraham Lincoln ever owned is the one in Springfield, Ill., shown (upper photo) as it appears today. It was the home in which he was living when he was elected President of the United States in 1860. In it are the furniture and other mementoes of the Lincoln family, which thousands of visitors view with interest each year.

The post office at Lincoln's New Salem, Ill., (lower photo) is in the reconstructed Lincoln

store, where the future President of the United States sold merchandise in the early 1830's. It is one of a score of authentic reproductions of log houses, stores and other buildings on the site of the village of New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln lived from 1831 to 1837, when he moved to Springfield. The village site is now owned by the state of Illinois and operated as an historical park as a popular tourist center.

general assembly, which then met at the old capitol in Vandalia.

Lincoln in 1837 moved from New Salem to Springfield, which had succeeded Vandalia as the state capital. There he opened a law office; and it was there he lived when he was elected first to Congress and

in 1860 to the presidency.

In Springfield is the only home which he ever owned, which is now preserved as a memorial and visited annually by thousands of tourists.

Springfield is also the site of Lincoln's tomb.



Rockport, Indiana.
Sept. 8" 1953.

My dear Dr. Warren:

About ten days ago Congressman Bailey Merrill came here and talked to a number of people who are interested in preserving our Lincoln Flat Boat Landing Shrine.

The National Park Service turned us down on our request for help, saying there was a doubt about the site of the old landing and even a doubt that Lincoln made such a trip with Henry.

I believe I sent you a newspaper clipping concerning the matter.

Mr. Merrill does not wish to give up hope about the matter as he believes that the landing site is

correct and also that Lincoln made the trip with Hentry in 1828.

You told me on one of your lecture trips here that this old landing should be one of the most valuable Lincoln shrines, and Dr. Lockridge thought so too.

Having known several generations of the Hentry family and especially Louis Hentry (flatboat man) who pointed out to me the old Hentry landing, also the spot a half or three quarters of a mile below the landing, where the Hentrys built their flatboats I think they know the place.

Louis was the grandson of Allen Hentry and he, his father, Absalom, and Allen were all flatboat men and left from this landing.

(3)

At Mr. Merrell's request I am
compiling a list of authors
and their quotations about
the flatboat trip in 1828
from Rockport.

I have Dr. Lockbridge's
account taken from his
book "A. Lincoln".

As you have lectured
on the spot many times
and are the greatest Lincoln
biographer of all the authors,
I wonder if you would
write a statement concerning
the authenticity of the old
landing. The records in the
Court House here helped me
when I wrote my book and
one was the marriage record
of Allen Kentry and Ann Roly
on March 20th 1828, yet Lamon
in his book has the Lincoln
seeing much of pretty
Ann Roly in April of 1828.

(4.)

Through all the years it seems Lincoln's Indiana years have been left out of many books, and that was why I wrote "The Missing Chapter in the life of Abraham Lincoln."

Any thing you may feel like doing, Dr. Warren, to help us, will be greatly appreciated.

With kindest regards and wishing to be remembered to Mrs. Warren

I am
Sincerely
Bess V. Ethmann.

P.S. your copy of Lincoln's letter to Stevens speaks of his making a flat boat trip to New Orleans when a boy. He was 21 years old when he went to Illinois but they claim this trip was from there.

Rockport, Indiana
Sept 20" 1953

My dear Dr. Warren: I wrote you a long letter about a month ago, but have never heard from you, so wonder if you received it?

It was about our Lincoln Flatboat Landing and I asked you if you would make a statement that the old Gentry Landing was where Gentry and Lincoln left on the 1828 trip.

Mr. Merrill is trying to help us, so that this historic spot may be preserved.

As I told you, I had the exact spot and all date on the 1828 ^{trip} told me by

Louis Hentry, grandson of Allen. He, his father and grandfather were all flat-boat men.

It was in 1925-26 that I had several interviews with Louis Hentry, while I was writing my Lincoln Pageant.

He told much concerning dates of trips, produce taken south, building of the flatboats and many, many things of historic value.

If you care to add your valuable statement about the Lincoln and Hentry trip, we will appreciate it very much.

Sincerely
Bess V. Eshmann

September 29, 1953

Mrs. Bess V. Ehrmann
Rockport, Indiana

Dear Mrs. Ehrmann:

The reason I have delayed so long in replying to your letter of recent date is due to the fact that I planned to put in "Lincoln Lore" a story which might help somewhat in your problem at Rockport. It will appear in the September issue and I will send you some extra copies so that they may be utilized among your friends. I hope you will like what I have said and I have tried to write it so that it would be in agreement with your own discoveries, which I think are more apt to be possible than any other.

Very truly yours,

Director

LAW:MB

1872

March 10 1872
New York

My dear Mr. Brewster
I have just received your letter of the 2nd inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope
these few lines will find you the same. I have not
much news to write at present. I am still in the
city and am engaged in some business. I will write
again when I have more news to write.

Yours truly,
John Jay

1872

1872

Rockport, Ind.

Nov. 22 " 1953

My dear Dr. Warren: I sent two of the copies of "Lincoln Lore" with your valuable article in it, quotations from numerous authors about the Indiana flatboat trip of Lincoln's, and then the enclosed statement from the descendants of Allen Hentry, to Congressman Merrill. I think your article and this document will carry more weight than all else.

Wishing you and your family a happy Thanksgiving

I am
Sincerely
Bess V. Ehmman

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

We, the descendants of Allen Gentry, resent many false statements made by Lincoln biographers, concerning a flatboat trip to New Orleans from Gentry's Landing in Rockport, Indiana.

Abraham Lincoln went as oarsman on Allen Gentry's flatboat in December 1828.

They left from Gentry's landing, where a marker now stands. Three generations of Gentrys flatboated from this spot.

The flatboats were built down the river about one-half a mile from the landing, then paddled upstream to the landing when it was time to load the boat for the southern trip.

These trips were always made in the late fall or early winter after the summer crops were gathered, hogs butchered, lard rendered and everything was packed.

When in New Orleans, Gentry and Lincoln witnessed a slave market, and Lincoln, on seeing a slave sold said to Gentry, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard".

Allen Gentry told his family of this remark after the return from New Orleans, and retold it many times during his lifetime.

There are the true facts. Different biographers say that Lincoln never made such a trip from Rockport, Indiana; others that Gentry's landing was not the place from which the flatboat left; others say Lincoln never made the remark about slavery; some say he made the remark on an Illinois flatboat trip; several writers say the flatboat trip was made in April.

Lewis Gentry, grandson of Allen Gentry, and also a flatboat man (the third and last of the generation to make the flatboat trips) said that the Gentrys always made their trips in the fall and early winter. He spoke often of the New Orleans trip which his grandfather and Lincoln made in 1828, and told how his father, Absolem Gentry, related the facts of the trip and Lincoln's remark about slavery, as told to him by his father, Allen Gentry.

We, the Gentry descendants, heard all these facts as children, from our parents, from our brother, uncle and cousin, Lewis Gentry, and know them to be true.

We are interested in the preservation of the Gentry's flatboat landing at Rockport, Indiana as a national historical shrine.

(signed)

(name)

(address)

(relation to Allen Gentry)

*This was signed by 25 descendants
of Allen Gentry and sent
to Congressman Bailey Merrill.*

5
Evansville 12 Indiana
725 Harmony Way

Sept. 17/56

Dr. R. McMurtry
Editor Lincoln Lore
Fort Wayne, Indiana;

Dear Dr. McMurtry:

In the Protastant Home for the aged on outer Washington Ave. Evansville Indiana, lives a Mrs. Elizabeth Gentry. It so happens I have a sister Miss Carolyn Schneider living there also. These people visit each other often in this instituion and in their conversations many things of interest are mentioned which occured during their life time.

One of the many things mentioned by Mrs. Gentry to my sister impressed me very much which I am constrained to pass along to you as Editor of Lincoln Lore. Perhaps this may be some news not herefore published.

~~that~~ says
Mrs. Gentry that her husband's Grand father employed Abraham Lincoln to help him load his (Mr. Gentry's flat boat) with cargo for transportation from Rockport Ind. down the Ohio river. Mr Gentry the Grand father was expecting a new baby in his family and would not embark with the flat boat of cargo until the baby came and the mother well enough so he could make the trip. During this period Mr. Gentry placed Abe Lincoln in charge of the boat and cargo to watch over and protect.

In all of my reading about Lincoln I cannot recall an instance like the one above mentioned.

This Mrs. Gentry is 90 years of age, has a very keen mind and good memory, is very intelligent. She was a school teacher for many years and gave book reviews before various societies and is a lovable person. Perhaps she could relate undiscovered Lincoln news of great importance if interviewed by someone Lincoln histori~~c~~scholar of Lincoln Lore for its readers to enjoy

The Protestant Home for the aged is convenient to reach by coming south on U.S. 41 highway into Evansville continuing south until Washington Ave. At Washington Ave. turn left (oreast) continue east for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles at this point the home is on the right hand side of the Ave. where Mrs. Gentry lives. This communication may be of some interest to you Honorable Editor Dr. R. Gerald Memurtry

Yours Truly
C harles J schneider

... found in
... ..

September 20, 1956

Mr. Charles J. Schneider
725 Harmony Way
Evansville 12, Indiana

Dear Mr. Schneider:

I have your letter of September 17 and I am pleased to know that an aged lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Gentry, resides in the Protestant Home for The Aged in Evansville, Indiana.

I have read with interest her statement concerning her husband's grandfather and I shall keep your letter in our permanent files for future reference.

At the present time I do not have any immediate plans to visit Evansville, however I will keep your letter in mind and someday when I am in your city I will try to make it a point to call on Mrs. Gentry. Of course I realize that I cannot wait too long to interview her due to her great age.

I sincerely thank you for your interest in this matter and I appreciate very much your bringing this lead to my attention.

Yours sincerely,

RGM/JA

Director

2. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that the

[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that I have
 been a member of the same organization for
 over 10 years.

... ..

100



Abe Ventures from Hoosier Shores

By LOUISE ELEANOR KLEINHENZ
Editorial Assistant

TEEN-AGE Abe Lincoln, more than 130 years ago, yearned to visit far-off places, much as teen-agers do today. Also he wanted to go there in his own conveyance.

When Jim Gentry asked 19-year-old Abe to accompany his newly-wedded son, Allen, on a business-pleasure trip to New Orleans in February, 1828, Lincoln accepted. The young men embarked on the flatboat they had built at Gentry's Landing on the Ohio River, mindful that Mr. Gentry's cargo of grain, tobacco, and bacon was to be sold along the way at a fair price. Their return trip was to be by steamboat, paid for by Allen's father, who also agreed to give Lincoln \$8 a month wages.

The superhighway of 1828 was the Mississippi River and, as is usual with popular thoroughfares, it was jammed with traffic. All kinds of craft — flatboats, arks, scows, keelboats, barges, and steamers — were going somewhere.

Lincoln temporarily forgot his grief over his only sister's recent death in the excitement. People called back and forth from their boats. There was much talk, laughter, and good-natured bantering. Sometimes Abe and Allen would tie on to new friends' boats and float along beside them for miles. At the docks they had more opportunities to visit aboard other craft. Whenever he could, Lincoln begged newspapers off of travelers, so eager was he to learn of happenings in the world.

There must have been plenty of news that year. Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson was running for President on the Democratic ticket. A little over a year

before the Erie Canal had been built. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was planning to lay tracks that summer for the first passenger service in the country. In April the first oceanic vessel to use steam alone for power would cross the Atlantic.

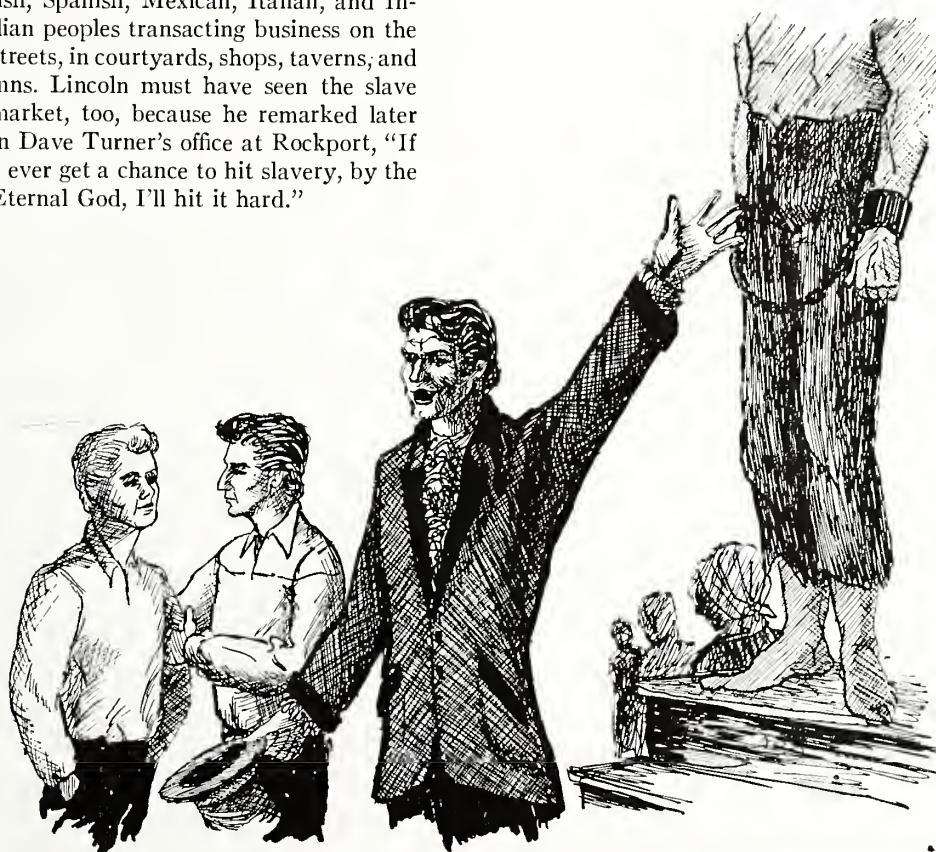
The flatboat trip to New Orleans took three months. The pleasure of meeting people and the thrill of new surroundings almost ended tragically one night when a band of ruffians tried to rob the boys as they lay sleeping on the boat, moored close to a southern shore. Fortunately, Lincoln was able to beat them off, but the fierce encounter left a scar on his face that he carried through life.

Cosmopolitan New Orleans dazzled the boys from Indiana. They saw English, Spanish, Mexican, Italian, and Indian peoples transacting business on the streets, in courtyards, shops, taverns; and inns. Lincoln must have seen the slave market, too, because he remarked later in Dave Turner's office at Rockport, "If I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by the Eternal God, I'll hit it hard."

Lincoln's stepmother had anxious moments while he was on the New Orleans jaunt. He had worked when he was 17 as a ferryman at the Anderson Creek ferry and earned his first money there. Often he talked about getting a job on the river as a pilot. She was overjoyed when he returned home, content to stay at Little Pigeon Creek. In 1829 he worked in Mr. Gentry's store and the following year he went with his family to a new home in Illinois.

Lincoln made another flatboat trip to New Orleans in the spring of 1831 when he and his stepbrother, John D. Johnston, were hired at \$10 a month by Denton Offutt to help him take a load of barrel pork, corn and live hogs to southern markets.

—30—



FEBRUARY, 1959

Indiana Teacher

IT'S A FACT



In 1855 Abraham Lincoln wrote to his friend, Joshua Speed, recalling a steamboat trip on the Ohio River 14 years earlier. "You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were, on board, 10 or a dozen slaves, shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me; and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border."

Encyclopedia Britannica

know something about Lincoln's other neighbor across the street, Henson Lyon, who rented his home from Lemuel Ide. Lyon was a farmer who had resided two and one-half miles from Springfield after leaving Kentucky for Sangamon County in 1834. The home is famous for a post-Civil War resident, Samuel Rosenwald, the father of philanthropist Julius Rosenwald.

Many of the houses that stood near the Lincoln home in 1860 are gone now. The National Park Service may reconstruct a few of these, but most will have to be known from plat maps and census data, not from pleasant strolls through a tree-shaded historic site. In hopes of making this article a useful tool for the researcher, these now-phantom residents will be described in the following paragraphs. Those readers interested in this article primarily as a guide to the reconstructed Lincoln Home National Historic Site might want to turn to the last page for the concluding paragraphs on the site.

Moving northward from the Lincoln home, one finds the home sites of Henry Corrigan, Edward Bugg, Lotus Niles, Amos Worthen, Jesse Kent, and Mary Remann. Corrigan, born in Ireland in 1810, was retired by 1860. He was a good deal better off than his neighbor to the south, Abraham Lincoln. Corrigan valued his real estate at \$30,000. Bugg was a teamster. Born in England in 1812, he married a Virginian and had one son. He valued his real estate at \$4,000 in 1860, up from \$410 a decade before. By 1870 Bugg was a clerk. He seems to have been an ambitious and modestly successful man.

Lotus Niles, born in 1820, listed his occupation as "secretary" in the 1860 census. Whatever his precise duties,

they seem to have been remunerative, for he valued his real estate at \$7,000 and his personal property at \$2,500. Moreover, two female servants occupied his home along with his wife and three children. Amos Worthen was the State Geologist (he valued his real estate at \$5,000 in 1860). Jesse H. Kent was born in Ohio in 1812. A carriage-maker by trade, Kent valued his real estate at \$3,000 in 1860, up from \$350 in 1850, when he had listed his trade as "plough stocker." Kent had been a steady Whig in politics. The last house on Lincoln's block was Mary Remann's boarding house. A widow, Mrs. Remann had three children and rented rooms to John and Alexander Black.

Across Jackson Street to the south were the homes of Jared P. Irwin, John E. Roll, Jameson Jenkins, and Solomon Allen. Irwin had lived in Springfield briefly after 1837, when he laid bricks for the foundation of what is now the Old State Capitol. He returned to Pennsylvania, married, and moved back to Springfield in 1857. Irwin was an active Republican, an officer in Springfield's Lincoln Club in 1860. The Lincolns gave him as souvenirs some of their letters they were about to burn in preparation for their departure to Washington in 1861.

John E. Roll, born in New Jersey in 1814, had known Lincoln from the period of his earliest entry in Illinois. In 1831 Roll had helped Lincoln construct the flatboat he was to take to New Orleans for Denton Offutt. Roll moved to Springfield in 1831 and became a plasterer. He did well, valuing his real estate at \$4,750 in 1850, a figure well above that claimed by many of Lincoln's neighbors at that date. Eventually he became a contractor, building more than one hundred houses in Springfield. He was a steady Whig voter in the 1840s. The



Courtesy National Park Service

FIGURE 3. Julia Sprigg house.



Courtesy National Park Service

FIGURE 4. Allen Miller house.

Lincolns left their dog Fido with Roll when they departed for Washington in 1861.

Jameson Jenkins was born in North Carolina in 1810. He was married and had one daughter. Census takers noted the race of black and mulatto citizens, and the Jenkins family were listed as mulattoes. Mr. Jenkins was a drayman and drove Lincoln to the depot for his departure to Washington. His daughter married the son of Lincoln's barber William Florville. Solomon Allen, born in 1788, was a veteran of the War of 1812. He was a gunsmith. His barn still survives, but his house was demolished in the 1890s.

Across the street from the Lincolns lived William S. Burch, Ira Brown, and Ann J. Walters. Burch, born in 1814, was a clerk in a retail store (he valued his real estate at \$2,000 in 1860). Little is known about Ira Brown, Jr., or the widow Ann J. Walters, who had four children and valued her real estate at \$6,000 in 1860.

One of Abraham Lincoln's most notable qualities was his ability to transcend his environment. He was a common man, yet uncommon. His immediate environment is, nevertheless, always worthy of scrutiny. No one is completely exempt from the impress of his environment. Lincoln's neighborhood, it seems, contained both the expected and the unexpected. Many of its residents were substantial middling citizens who had steadily improved their economic lot. Men who had supported the Whig party predominated in the immediate neighborhood, just as they did in Springfield and Sangamon County as a whole. One might have expected the neighborhood to be more homogeneous in ethnic makeup, however. Persons born in Germany, England, and Ireland

were Lincoln's neighbors. So were mulattoes. Springfield may well have exposed Lincoln to a more complex variety of experiences than has been previously thought.

One suspects that more Americans learn history from historic sites than from books and lectures—especially after their years of formal schooling are over. Developing historic sites as the National Park Service now does is more than a matter of insulating the surviving reminders of this country's hallowed past from visual blight and from commercial exploitation heedless of authenticity. By enriching the memorials and monuments with the insights of the new social history, the National Park Service communicates an understanding of history that truly updates what the casual visitor may have learned in high school or college. All Lincoln students should acknowledge the distinguished role the National Park Service plays in keeping Americans abreast of the developments in the historical field which might otherwise remain the exclusive property of a handful of professional historians and devoted buffs.

It would be a mistake to end here and to underestimate the sheer pleasure involved in all this. No one who would take the trouble to visit the Lincoln sites in Springfield could fail to be impressed with the experience. If you have a chance, go there and see for yourself. If the timing is right, walk over to the Lincoln home around sundown. Tread the board sidewalks in relative solitude after the roar of the traffic on the busy street behind the home has subsided. Look at Lincoln's neighborhood in the twilight. You will likely remember the walk for the rest of your life.

OFFUT AND
NEW SALEM.

FROM HERNDON'S
LIFE OF LINCOLN

At this point in my narrative I am pained to drop from further notice our buoyant and effusive friend Offut. His business ventures failing to yield the extensive returns he predicted, and too many of his obligations maturing at the same time, he was forced to pay the penalty of commercial delinquency and went to the wall. He soon disappeared from the village, and the inhabitants thereof never knew whither he went. In the significant language of Lincoln he "petered out."

As late as 1873 I received a letter from Dr. James Hall, a physician living at St. Dennis, near Baltimore, Maryland, who, referring to the disappearance of Offut, relates the following reminiscence:

"Of what consequence to know or learn more of Offut I cannot imagine; but be assured he turned up after leaving New Salem. On meeting the name it seemed familiar, but I could not locate him. Finally I fished up from memory that some twenty-five years ago one "Denton Offut" appeared in Baltimore, hailing from Kentucky, advertising himself in the city papers as a veterinary surgeon and horse tamer, professing to have a secret to whisper in the horse's ear, or a secret manner of whispering in his ear, which he could communicate to others, and by which the most refractory and vicious horse could be quieted and controlled.

"For this secret he charged five dollars, binding the recipient by oath not to divulge it. I know several persons, young fancy horsemen, who paid for the trick. Offut advertised himself not only thru the press, but by his strange attire. He appeared in the streets on horseback and on foot, in plain citizens' dress of black, but with a broad sash across his right shoulder, of various colored ribbons, crossed on his left hip under a large rosette of the same material, the whole rendering his appearance most ludicrously conspicuous. Having occasion to purchase a horse I encountered him at several of our stables and was strongly urged to avail myself of his secret. So much for Offut; but were he living in '61, I doubt not Mr. Lincoln would have heard of him."

The early spring of 1832 brought to Springfield and New Salem a most joyful announcement. It was the news of the coming of a steamboat down the Sangamon river—proof incontestable that the stream was navigable. The enterprise was undertaken and carried thru by Captain Vincent Bogue, of Springfield, who had gone to Cincinnati

to procure a vessel and thus settle the much-mooted question of the river's navigability.

When, therefore, he notified the people of his town that the steamboat Talisman would put out from Cincinnati for Springfield, we can well imagine what great excitement and unbounded enthusiasm followed the announcement. Springfield, New Salem, and all the other towns along the now interesting Sangamon were to be connected by water with the outside world.

The final syllable of this name was then pronounced to rhyme with "raw." In later days the letter "n" was added—probably for euphony's sake.

Public meetings, with the accompaniment of long subscription lists, were held; the merchants of Springfield advertised the arrival of goods "direct from the East per steamer Talisman;" the malls were promised as often as once a week from the same direction; all the land adjoining each enterprising and aspiring village along the river was subdivided into town lot—in fact, the whole region began to feel the stimulating effects of what, in later days, would have been called a "boom."

I remember the occasion well, for two reasons. It was my first sight of a steamboat, and also the first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln—although I never became acquainted with him till his second race for the legislature in 1834. In response to the suggestion of Captain ~~Bogue made from Cincinnati~~, a number of citizens—among the number Lincoln—had gone down the river to Beardstown to meet the vessel as she emerged from the Illinois.

These were armed with axes having long handles, to cut away, as Bogue had recommended, "branches of trees hanging over from the banks." After having passed New Salem, I and other boys on horseback followed the boat, riding along the river's bank as far as Bogue's mill, where she tied up. There we went aboard, and lost in boyish wonder, feasted our eyes on the splendor of her interior decorations.

The Sangamon Journal of that period contains numerous poetical efforts celebrating the Talisman's arrival. A few lines under date of April 6, 1832, unsigned, but supposed to have been the product of a local poet—one Oliphant (E. P. Oliphant, a lawyer)—were sung to the tune of "Clar de Kitchen." I cannot refrain from inflicting a stanza or two of this ode on the reader:

"O, Captain Bogue he gave the lead,
And Captain Bogue he showed the
road;
And we came up with a right good
will,
And tied our boat up to his mill.

Now we are up the Sangamo,
And here we'll have a grand hurra,
So fill your glasses to the brim,
Of whisky, brandy, wine, and gin.

Illinois suckers, young and raw,
Were strung along the Sangamo,
To see a boat come up by steam
They surely thought it was a dream."

LINCOLN PILOTS A STEAMBOAT ON A GREAT
OCCASION.

(*Ida M. Tarbell, in McClure's Magazine for
January.*)

At that moment [when Lincoln announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature, in 1832] the whole population of Sangamon was in a state of wild expectation. Some six weeks before Lincoln's circular appeared, a citizen of Springfield had advertised that as soon as the ice went off the river he would bring up a steamer, the "Talisman," from Cincinnati, and prove the Sangamon navigable. The announcement had aroused the entire country, speeches were made, and subscriptions taken. The merchants announced goods direct per steamship "Talisman" the country over, and every village from Beardstown to Springfield was laid off in town lots.

The "Talisman" actually came up the river; scores of men went to Beardstown to meet her, among them Lincoln, of course; and to him was given the honor of piloting her—an honor which made him remembered by many a man who saw him that day for the first time. The trip was made with all the wild demonstrations which always attended the first steamboat. On either bank a long procession of men and boys on foot or horse accompanied the boat. Cannons and volleys of musketry were fired as settlements were passed. At every stop speeches were made, congratulations offered, toasts drunk, flowers presented. It was one long hurrah from Beardstown to Springfield, and foremost in the jubilation was Lincoln, the pilot. The "Talisman" went as near Springfield as the river did, and there tied up for a week. When she went back Lincoln again had a conspicuous position as pilot. The notoriety this gave him was quite as valuable politically, probably, as was the forty dollars he received for his service financially.



LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

Lincoln was never ashamed of his obscure parentage and rude bringing up, as this story, found in a recent book by John Malcolm Ludlow, C.B., entitled, "Lincoln Self-Portrayed," fully proves.

One morning in the Executive Chamber, when the rights of labor had been under discussion, Lincoln's eyes suddenly began to twinkle.

"Seward," said he, "did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?"

"No."

"Well, I was about eighteen years old. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South 'the Scrubs'—people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. I got mother's consent, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take myself and a barrel or two of things we had raised down to New Orleans.

"A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was for passengers to go out in a boat to the steamer, which stopped for them to go on board.

"I was admiring my new flatboat, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, singled out my boat, and asked:

"Who owns this?"

"I do," I answered.

"Will you," said one of them, "take us and our trunks to the steamer?"

"Certainly," said I, for I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits.

"The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat. Then I lifted up the heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took out of his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life.

"I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that day."

It is easy to imagine the silence that must have fallen on that Cabinet as they heard this pathetic confession from their chief.

HIS KINDNESS OF HEART AND HIS FIRST DOLLAR



IS great strength was not for use only in the fields and at "raisings." One cold night, coming home late from threshing, Abraham and some friends found the village sot frozen into a mudhole by the roadside. The young men did their best to rouse him, but without success.

"Come on, boys," said one, "he's feathered his own nest, let him lie in it. Let 'im alone," and the others went home and to bed. But the idea of leaving even a drunkard to die in the ditch seemed monstrous to Lincoln. He bent his great form and carried the dead weight of that great heavy man eighty yards to an empty hut, where he spent the rest of the night, building a fire and rubbing and nursing the man back to consciousness. The victim of this intemperate habit was afterwards a great admirer of Lincoln, and often told how Abe Lincoln had "toted" him to a warm fire that cold night and saved his life.

It was about this time (1825) that Abraham Lincoln acted as ferryman across the Ohio, in the employ of James Taylor, at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, where he worked nine months at six dollars a month. While he was a ferryman he had some time to read, and built himself a flatboat, for he had a great desire, at this time, to "follow the river." One day, as he told Secretary Seward nearly forty years afterward, he earned his first dollar. Here is the rest of the story in President Lincoln's own words:

A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings they had to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked:

"Who owns this?"

I answered modestly, "I do."

"Will you," said one of them, "take us and our trunks out to the steamer?"

"Certainly," said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something for myself, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of "bits." The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out:

"You have forgotten to pay me."

Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.



Abe Lincoln "tote." him

"BOW-HAND ON A BROAD-HORN"



ABE had long since given up the idea of earning a living behind the counter of Jones's store, or any other that he knew of. He was under bonds to his father, but he made an attempt to obtain employment as a boat-hand on the river. His age was against him in his first effort, but his opportunity was coming to him. In the month of March, 1828, he hired himself to Mr. Gentry, the great man of Gentryville. His duties were to be mainly performed at Gentry's Landing, near Rockport, on the Ohio River. There was a great enterprise on foot, or rather in the water, at Gentry's Landing, for a flatboat belonging to the proprietor was loading with bacon and other produce for a trading trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. She was to be under the command of young Allen Gentry, but would never return to the Ohio, for flatboats are built to go down with the stream and not for pulling against it.

The flatboat was cast loose from her moorings in April, and swept away down the river, with Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar. No such craft ever had a longer or stronger pair of arms pledged to keep her blunt nose well directed.

At the plantation of Madame Duchesne, six miles below Baton Rouge, the flatboat was moored for the night against the landing, and the keepers were sound asleep in their little kennel of a cabin. They slept until the sound of stealthy footsteps on the deck aroused Allen Gentry, and he sprang to his feet. There could be no doubt as to the cause of the disturbance. A gang of negroes had boarded the boat for plunder, and they would think lightly enough, now they were discovered, of knocking the two traders on the head and throwing them into the river.

"Bring the guns, Abe!" shouted Allen. "Shoot them!"

The intruders were not to be scared away by even so alarming an outcry; and in an instant more Abe was among them, not with a gun, but with a serviceable club. They fought well, and one of them gave their tall enemy a wound, the scar of which he carried with him to his grave; but his strength and agility were too much for them. He beat them all off the boat, not killing any one man, but convincing the entire party that they had boarded the wrong "broad-horn."

The trip lasted about three months, going and coming, and in June the two adventurers were at home again, well satisfied with their success.

As related by W. O. Stoddard, the well-known author, and only surviving private secretary to President Lincoln.



Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar

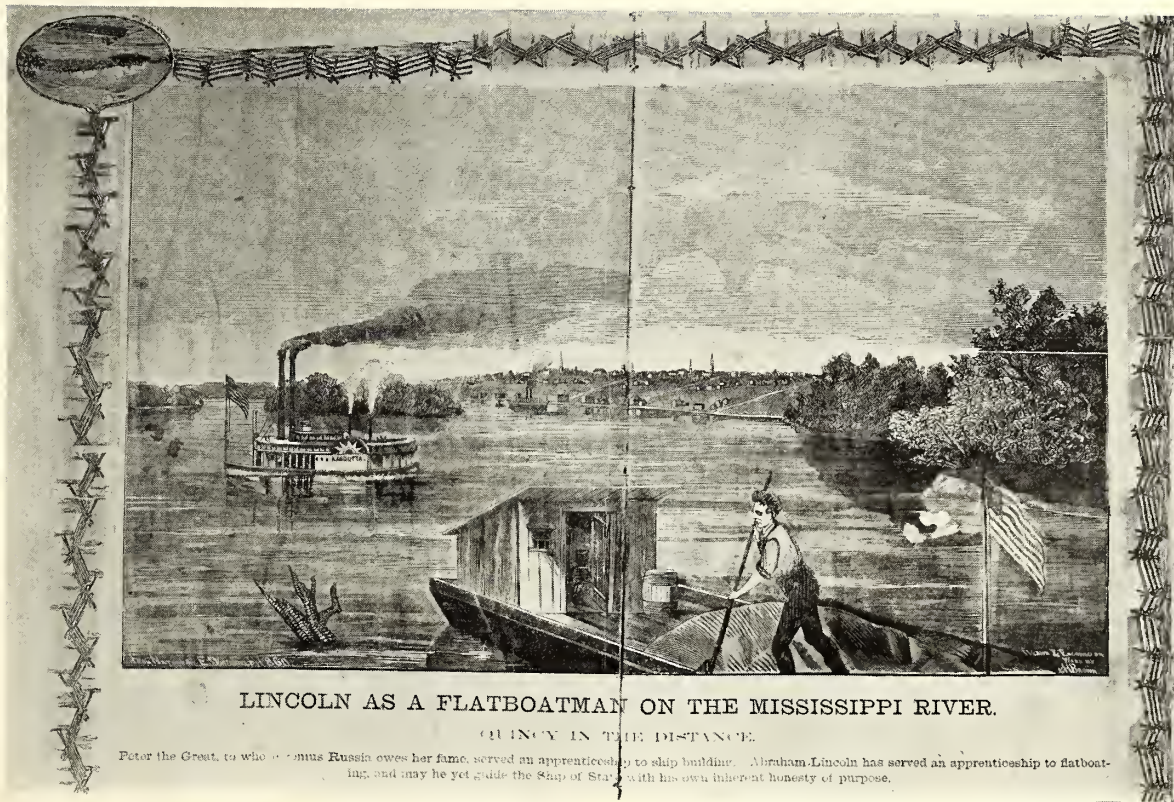


LINCOLN'S FLATBOAT LANDING

Adams 7/1 -

Al. Texas, Tuesday 110

UNIQUE LINCOLN ITEM
[SEE NO. 1762]



LINCOLN AS A FLATBOATMAN ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

QUINCY IN THE DISTANCE.

Peter the Great, to whom Russia owes her fame, served an apprenticeship to ship building. Abraham Lincoln has served an apprenticeship to flatboating, and may he yet guide the Ship of State with his own inherent honesty of purpose.

11 M

11 M

LINCOLN EARNS A DOLLAR

Lincoln, while living in Indiana worked for some months on the ferry of James Taylor at the mouth of Anderson Creek Also, he once earned two silver half dollars by taking two passengers to the steamer in his recently built scow.

T. 1-39

Bv. 1-85

here



LINCOLN RECEIVES TWO SILVER HALF DOLLARS.

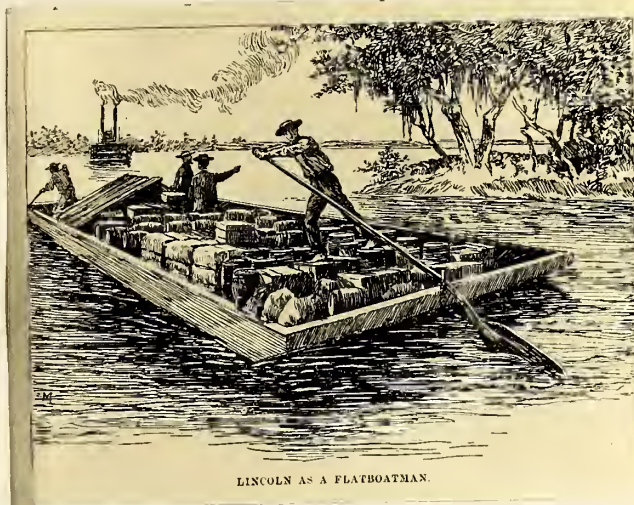
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ANDERSON CREEK FERRY,
Where Mr. Lincoln was Ferryman for Nine Months.

Barrett 113



LINCOLN AS A FLATBOATMAN.

Mich. 26

